The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

The Editor of The Bookman has pleasure in inviting the attention of its readers to the appearance in this issue of the first of a series of Literary Prize Competitions.

It had to come at last. Messrs. Doubleday, Page and Co., of New York, announce "A Publisher's Confessions." It may be doubted whether the publisher is sufficiently penitent. The abandoned being actually makes a protest against large royalties.

We are very much interested to hear that the reports of the American sales of "The Garden of Allah" are very favourable, and that the book bids fair to be as great a success in the United States as it has been in this country.

Messrs. Duckworth have published another little book by Michael Fairless under the title "The Grey Brethren." The contents are miscellaneous, and are interesting, though not on a level with "The Road Mender." Very little is known about Michael Fairless. We believe her name was Miss Barber.

Mr. Kipling and his family have now returned home from South Africa. They travelled in the *Kinfauns Castle*, which arrived here on the 22nd of last month. Mr. Kipling is said to be writing a new short story, which is later on to be published serially both here and in America in the *Century Magazine*.

Mr. G. W. Forrest, C.I.E., ex-Director of Records to the Government of India, and author of the History of the Indian Mutiny recently published, is to write the Life of Field-Marshal Sir Neville Chamberlain, G.C.B. Throughout his eventful career Sir Neville Chamberlain, who was one of the "illustrious brotherhood of the Punjaub," whose courageous action helped to save India at the time of the Mutiny, kept a personal diary, and wrote home very full and interesting letters. These, with his other papers, are now in the possession of his nephew, Colonel Sir Neville Chamberlain, K.C.B., and they will be placed at Mr. Forrest's disposal. The work will be published by Messrs. Blackwood.

The memoirs of another Anglo-Indian *beau sabreur* who did yeoman service in the Mutiny, General Sir Henry Daly, G.C.B., the distinguished commander of the Central India Horse, are announced by Mr. Murray. The volume is from the pen of his son, Major H. Daly.

Mr. Richard Bagot, who is at present in Rome, has now completed the manuscript of his next new novel. It is entitled "The Passport," and will be published in book form, both here and in America, in the early autumn of this year.

We understand that Lucas Malet's new novel will not be published until autumn.

Boswell's Life of Johnson is to be added to Messrs.

Miss F. Roosevelt.
Author of "The Siren's Net."
(By kind permission of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.)

Hutchinson's Library of Standard Biographies. The condensation, made necessary by the limits of the series, has been effected by Mr. Roger Ingpen.

Mr. Belloc is busy completing a new book dealing with Marie Antoinette, which is to be published in this country by Messrs. Methuen and Co., and in America by Messrs. McClure, Phillips and Co., of New York.

Mr. Arthur W. Marchmont, having been for some time in America superintending the production of his new play, is now on his way home, and is expected to be in London again within a few days.

Mr. Edmund Downey, whose reminiscences were published the other day, is engaged on a Life of Charles Lever, for which he has long and successfully collected materials.

Mr. J. H. M. Abbott, the author of "Tommy Cornstalk," that very vivid picture of certain phases of the Boer War, is, after two or three years' residence in this country, writing a new book, dealing with England from an Australian's point of view. As at present arranged, it will be published during the forthcoming autumn season by Messrs. Methuen and Co.

The next volume in the "Modern English Writers" series will be George Eliot, by Mr. Quiller Couch. Mr. Quiller Couch took over the volume from Mr. Sidney Lee, who, after the publication of Sir Leslie Stephen's "George Eliot" in the English Men of Letters series, felt he could not put himself into competition with his old chief and colleague.

Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy is at work on the new novel with which he intends to follow up the success of "The Dryad." The new book will be ready for publication either in the autumn of this year or in the early spring of next year.

Messrs. Hutchinson have in the press a volume of exceptional interest, dealing with modern French society. It will be entitled "Paris and the Social Revolution." The author, Mr. Alvan Francis Sanborn, is the Parisian correspondent of one of the best American dailies, and writes with a long and intimate personal knowledge of the leading "revolutionists."

Lady Lugard's monograph on Nigeria will be published by Messrs. Nisbet in the autumn.

We understand that the third volume of the *Times* History of the War in South Africa, which may be expected soon, will carry the course of the campaign up to the occupation of Bloemfontein.

Messrs. Seeley have in preparation a new edition of Sir Joshua Reynolds' Lectures, which will be illustrated. It will contain a preface and notes from the competent hand of Mr. Roger E. Fry, who is himself a painter. Mr. Fry's articles in the *Quarterly Review* and other periodicals are well known. He is a son of Sir Edward Fry.

Sir Auckland Colvin is writing a book on the recent history of Egypt, which will take up the story where Lord Milner left it.

"The Conflict of Owen Prytherch" is the title of a novel of modern Welsh life, which Mr. Walter M. Gallichan ("Geoffrey Mortimer") is publishing shortly through Mr. George A. Morton, of Edinburgh. Mr. Gallichan has already written two works of fiction under his pseudonym, and he intends to issue this new novel under his own name. The story is concerned with the experiences of a Welsh Nonconformist minister, who is too "advanced" for his flock, and there is reference to the present revival in Wales, together with some very dramatic incidents. The author possesses an intimate knowledge of Welsh rural life. His "Fishing in Wales" is the acknowledged standard work on that subject, and he has written several short stories portraying the Welsh character.

Mr. William Le Queux has just finished a motor tour of six thousand miles in Europe for the purpose of obtaining local colour for a new novel of the road, which he hopes to complete in the autumn. He is at present still in Italy, but returns to England in June.

Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace's Autobiography will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Chapman and Hall. There will be two volumes.

Miss Elizabeth Robins' new novel to be published by Mr. Heinemann will be entitled "A Dark Lantern."

We understand that Mr. Rider Haggard has completed two new novels, which will be published immediately.

Lieut.-Col. Haggard has completed another volume of his studies of French history. In the "Regent of the Roués" he will cover the early years of Louis XV.

Mr. John Buchan has proceeded to South Africa, having been briefed in a case which will come before the South African Courts.

"Garrett Mill," the author of "The Colonel Sahib," "Ottavia," and "Mr. Montgomery, Fool," has written a new novel, entitled "In the Hands of the Czar," which will be published by Messrs. Blackwood.

It is always pleasant to see a writer of established reputation giving a hand to a new author. In our excellent contemporary, the *New York Times Saturday Review*, Mr. James Lane Allen gives high praise to the first volume of a young author. The book is "Hecla Sandwith," by Edward Uffington Valentine, published at Indianapolis by the Bobbs-Merrill Company. Mr. Allen says: "To begin with, the story in the novel is a great story. It is an American story of the first magnitude. Thomas Hardy, had he been an American, might have been glad to come upon it. George Eliot, had she been an American, would have built upon it one of her masterpieces. There can be no mistake here. The young novelist with a grave, high sense of the art which he was newly essaying to use, looked out upon our civilisation for a fresh, original, bright story, and he found it. He discharged in the highest degree the first highest duty of his art." Mr. Valentine's book will no doubt be given to the English public.

Some new portraits of English authors from photographs taken by Alvin Langdon Coburn, the well-known American amateur photographer, appear in the May *Century*. The authors are Mrs. Humphry Ward, George Meredith, Austin Dobson, Edmund Gosse, Andrew Lang, G. K. Chesterton, and George Bernard Shaw. The picture of Mr. Shaw was taken in his summer home, "a perfect gem of a place at Welwyn."

Sydney C. Grier has completed a new novel, which is to appear as a serial in the *Graphic* previous to publication in book form.

Mr. W. D. Mackay, R.S.A., is at work on a History of Scottish Art, which will be published by Messrs. Duckworth and Co.

"A Quixotic Woman," a novel published by Mr. Murray, is not Isobel Fitzroy's first work, though it is her first work of fiction. Some years ago she published a volume on "Dogma and the Church of England."

The complaint of the booksellers is heard in America almost as much as in this country. A writer in a New York paper says, "I will wager that inside of two years there will not be a bookshop left in New York, and I wager further that there is not a man in New York to-day who is making a living selling books alone." This sweeping statement has called forth some replies. One correspondent writes: "There was a time in New York when men almost willingly paid fabulous prices for supposedly rare tomes under the assurance that what they purchased was the 'only one in existence, and very rare,' only to be rudely awakened on their first visit to London to the fact that it could have been purchased for a shilling. A burnt child dreads the fire. That time has passed, and no longer does he allow his credulity to influence him in making book purchases." We are afraid that in spite of all that has been done by publishers to enforce the net system, the bookshop, pure and simple, in America is not a flourishing institution.

Mr. Archibald Marshall.
Author of "The House of Merrilees."

Wholesale Reports of the Bookselling Trade.

(1) ENGLAND.

March 20th to April 20th, 1905.

The demand during the earlier portion of the month exhibited a slight leaning towards a more pronounced firmness, but as the holidays approached a slackening was inevitable, and as we close our report the tone is decidedly subdued.

The output of 6s. fiction has continued to increase, and among the more recent productions "The Marriage of William Ashe," "The Seething Pot," "Patricia," "Old Cantonment," "Mid the Thick Arrows," "The Vicissitudes of Evangeline," and "Shining Ferry" have all sold very freely, but special mention must be made of "The House of Merrilees," which has undoubtedly proved one of the leading items during the month. The popularity of many of the issues of the past autumn still continues to be very apparent, and shows little sign of diminished success. Altogether it may be said that the sales in this class have been remarkably good.

The commendation of any particular book by a recognised authority has at times proved of great import in the success of the work, and certainly in the present instance the public mention by the Bishop of London of "When it was Dark" has had a telling effect, hundreds of copies being rapidly disposed of.

Works of a general religious nature have in several instances been in good demand. Among the most noticeable of these, "In Watchings Often" has proved the leading line, although Sanday's "Outlines of the Life of Christ," "The Bible: Its Origin and Nature," by Marcus Dods, and Gordon's two volumes of "Talks" on Power and Prayer have been especially prominent. Reviewing the Lenten season as a whole, very few of the special manuals have attracted attention, but there has been an increased demand for more general religious literature.

In biography the three most noticeable items have been "The Life of J. H. Shorthouse," the two recent volumes of Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff's "Diary," and the recent monograph on Coventry Patmore in the popular series of "Literary Lives."

The death of Jules Verne gave a slight impetus to an increased sale of several of his best-known books.

Dr. Schofield's treatises, "Nerves in Order" and "Nerves in Disorder," have also been steadily in request.

"Free Opinions Freely Expressed," by Marie Corelli, has also been freely anticipated by the placing of numerous orders, which, although not amounting to the extent of those usually placed for that author's novels, have nevertheless formed a considerable item.

"The Women Painters of the World" has continued to prove an attractive line, and the spring number of the *Studio*, dealing with the "Old" Water Colour Society, was eagerly sought after, and was soon out of print.

Thousands of copies of "Humours of History" have been readily disposed of, and towards the end of the month "Change for a Halfpenny," another humorous production by the authors of "Wisdom While You Wait," was issued, and appears to be catching on.

At no time have so many of the classics been presented to the public in such cheap and varied styles as at the present. Amongst these cheap issues Methuen's "Standard Library," Heinemann's "Favourite Classics," "The Cameo Classics," the re-issue of "The National Library," and the "New Universal Library" are all prominent. Sixpenny reprints are again assuming huge proportions, and will doubtless, as the holiday season approaches, become more and more attractive.

The "Censor's Dream." From "W. B. Donne and his Friends."
(Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Methuen and Co.)

Whilst from the point of view of the ordinary reader this flood of cheap literature may appear a desirable element, on the other hand, from the bookseller's outlook, it is anything but a blessing, for it entails an enormously increased amount of labour in order to reap but a minimum of profit after the cost of packing and carriage has been defrayed.

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand throughout the past month:—

Six Shilling Novels.

The House of Merrilees. By A. Marshall. (Alston Rivers.)
Old Cantonment. By B. M. Croker. (Methuen.)

The Seething Pot. By G. A. Birmingham. (E. Arnold.)
The Marriage of William Ashe. By Mrs. H. Ward. (Smith, Elder.)
The Vicissitudes of Evangeline. By Elinor Glyn. (Duckworth.)
Hearts of Wales. By Allen Raine. (Hutchinson.)
Shining Ferry. By "Q." (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Mid the Thick Arrows. By Max Pemberton. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Patricia. By Iota. (Hutchinson.)
A Maid at Large. By A. Leaf. (Nash.)
Miss Badsworth, M.F.H. By E. Hussey. (Longmans.)
Fond Adventures. By Maurice Hewlett. (Macmillan.)

Life of J. H. Shorthouse. Edited by his Wife. 2 vols. 17s. net. (Macmillan.)
Coventry Patmore. By E. Gosse. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Nerves in Order. By A. T. Schofield. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Nerves in Disorder. By A. T. Schofield. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Outlines of the Life of Christ. By W. Sanday. 5s. net. (T. and T. Clark.)
The Bible: Its Origin and Nature. By M. Dods. 4s. 6d. net. (T. and T. Clark.)
In Watchings Often. By E. E. Holmes. 3s. 6d. (Longmans.)
The "Old" Water-Colour Society. By C. Holme. 5s. net and 7s. 6d. net. (*Studio* Office.)
Change for a Halfpenny. 1s. net. (Alston Rivers.)
Humours of History. By A. Moreland. 6d. net. (*Morning Leader*.)
When it was Dark. By Guy Thorne. 1s. (Greening.)
Three of Them. By Maxim Gorky. 1s. net. (Unwin.)
Duff (Sir M. E. Grant). Notes from a Diary. 2 vols. 18s. (Murray.)
Women Painters of the World. 5s. net and 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Several of Jules Verne's Works.
The Man in the Pulpit. By J. Douglas. 2s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)
De Profundis. By Oscar Wilde. 5s. net. (Methuen.)
Sixpenny Reprints.

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

March 25—Demand well maintained.
April 1—Home trade rather quiet, Export brisk.
,, 8—Somewhat quieter in all departments.
,, 15—A quiet week.

(2) SCOTLAND.

MARCH 20TH TO APRIL 17TH, 1905.

It may now be held that all books intended for the spring publishing season have made their appearance, and in several respects these new ventures call for special notice. Quite remarkable has been the competition displayed by several leading firms to produce the classics at a price within the reach of all, and the volumes issued by Messrs. Nelson and Messrs. Methuen are well worthy of mention.

Books dealing with Russia, its social life and struggles, have been eagerly purchased, and the issue of several of Maxim Gorky's works at a popular price stimulated the sale of many other more important volumes, such as "The Truth about the Czar" and "Russia as it Really is." The war book of the season was "The Yellow War," by "O," and there appeared quite a brisk demand for cheap treatises dealing with the various methods adopted by the Japanese in physical training.

The approaching celebrations in connection with the birth of John Knox continued to grow in interest, and for the twentieth century edition of the great Reformer's "History of Religion in Scotland" and Mr. Macmillan's biography of "John Knox" there were frequent requests. The ecclesiastical situation in Scotland also continued to add to its literature, and no volume of more merit can be named than Mr. Macpherson's,

Professor C. H. Herford.
Author of "Robert Browning" (M. E. W.).

entitled "Scotland's Battles for Spiritual Independence." Professor Marcus Dods' vigorous, liberal and reverent work on "The Bible" was in demand as a work going straight to the heart of the subject.

Spring-like weather favoured the sale of gardening books, and the opportune publication in serial form of Step's "Wild Flowers" and Pratt's "Flowering Plants" was very welcome. The resumption of outdoor recreations and the approach of Easter holidays created the usual sales of travelling maps for motorists, cyclists and pedestrians.

The six shilling novel of the month was unquestionably "The Marriage of William Ashe," by Mrs. Humphry Ward, and others prominent in orders taken were "Mid the Thick Arrows," by Max Pemberton; "Linked by Fate," by C. Garvice; "Vicissitudes of Evangeline," by E. Glyn; and "The Old Cantonment," by Mrs. Croker. Sixpenny reprints of popular novels continued to appear in large numbers, but the sales were not so great as in former corresponding months; the best selling were "The Sowers," by H. S. Merriman; "The Unnamed," by W. Le Queux; "The Successor," by R. Pryce; and the various tales by Mrs. Henry Wood.

The event of the month was the publication of the Encyclopædia, so long in preparation by Messrs. Nelson, under the auspices of the Messrs. Harmsworth, of London. The immediate demand, created largely by skilful advertising, exceeded the anticipations of everyone, and though much delay was experienced in the execution of orders, the sales were unparalleled in similar ventures. In magazines, a new comer was Messrs. Pearson's *Novel Magazine*, which made an excellent start.

The best selling books were:—

Six Shilling Novels.

The Marriage of William Ashe. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. (Smith, Elder.)

Mid the Thick Arrows. By Max Pemberton. (Hodder.)
Linked by Fate. By C. Garvice. (Hutchinson.)
The Vicissitudes of Evangeline. By Elinor Glyn. (Duckworth.)
The Old Cantonment. By Mrs. Croker. (Methuen.)
Peter's Mother. By Mrs. H. De la Pasture. (Smith, Elder.)
The Maid at Large. By A. Leaf. (Nash.)
The Master Mummer. By P. Oppenheim. (Ward, Lock.)
A Spoiler of Men. By R. Marsh. (Chatto.)
Hearts of Wales. By Allen Raine. (Hutchinson.)
The Secret Woman. By E. Phillpotts. (Methuen.)
Patricia. By Iota. (Hutchinson.)

Miscellaneous.

The Yellow War. By "O." 6s. (Blackwood.)
The Other Side of the Lantern. By Sir F. Treves. 12s. net. (Cassell.)
Three of Them. By Maxim Gorky. 1s. net. (Unwin.)
British Bird Life. By W. P. Westall. 5s. (Unwin.)
Grey Brethren. By M. Fairless. 2s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)
Knox's History of the Reformation. 4s. 6d. net. (Melrose.)
John Knox. By D. Macmillan. 3s. 6d. net. (Melrose.)
The Bible: Its Origin and Nature. By Dr. Dods. 4s. 6d. net. (Clark.)
The Truth about the Czar. By C. Joubert. 7s. 6d. (Nash.)
Russia as it Really is. By C. Joubert. 7s. 6d. (Nash.)
Bartholomew's Maps. 1s. and 2s. net.

The Booksellers' Diary.

MAY 5—JUNE 5.

PUBLICATION DATES OF SOME NOTABLE BOOKS.

May 5th.

HORNUNG, E. W.—Stingaree, 6s. ..... (Chatto)
STEVENSON, R. L.—The Merry Men. St. Martin's Edition. 2s. and 3s. net ..... (Chatto)

May 8th.

GASKELL, LADY CATHERINE MILNES.—Spring in a Shropshire Abbey, 9s. net ..... (Smith, Elder)
CASTLE, AGNES and EGERTON.—Rose of the World, 6s. (Smith, Elder)

May 9th

CLIFFORD, ETHEL.—Love's Journey and Other Papers, 3s. 6d. net ..... (Lane)
WAYNE, C. S.—A Prince to Order, 6s. ..... (Lane)
BROWNING, OSCAR.—Napoleon: The First Phase, 6s. net (Lane)

May 10th.

FURLEY, SIR JOHN.—In Peace and War. Autobiographical Sketches. 10s. 6d. net ..... (Smith, Elder)

May 11th.

DEAKIN, DOROTHEA.—The Poet and the Pierrot, 3s. 6d. (Chatto)
SERGEANT, ADELINE.—The Missing Elizabeth, 6s. (Chatto)

May 15th.

TILTON, DWIGHT.—My Lady Laughter, 6s. ... (Dean and Son)
TSCHUDI, CLARA.—Queen Marie Sophia of Naples, 7s. 6d. (Sonnenschein)
LAWSON, SIR CHARLES.—Memories of Madras. Illustrated. (Sonnenschein)
WALTERS, DR. F. B.—Sanatoria for Consumptives, with additions, 12s. 6d. net ..... (Sonnenschein)
MORRISON, PEARSE.—Rambling Recollections (Sonnenschein)
CREASEY, CLARENCE H.—Technical Education in Evening Schools, 3s. 6d. net ..... (Sonnenschein)

May 16th.

BENSON, A. C.—Peace, and Other Poems, 5s. net ..... (Lane)
BEACONSFIELD, LORD.—Venetia, 1s. 6d. cloth, 2s. leather (Lane)
GLASFURD, CAPTAIN A. J. R.—Rifle and Romance, 16s. net (Lane)

CUTHELL, MRS. E. H.—My Garden in the City of Gardens, 6s. net ..... (Lane)

May 18th.

ROLFE, FR.—Don Tarquinio, 6s. ..... (Chatto)
MERRICK, HOPE.—When a Girl's Engaged, 3s. 6d. ... (Chatto)
The Paris Salon. Illustrated. 3s. ..... (Chatto)

May 22nd.

WARNER, ANNE.—Susan Clegg, 3s. 6d. ..... (Dean and Son)

May 23rd.

DOWSON, ERNEST.—The Collected Poems of Ernest Dowson, 5s. net ..... (Lane)
HOLMES, EDMOND.—What is Philosophy? 2s. 6d. net... (Lane)
HARTSHORNE, ALBERT.—Memoirs of a Royal Chaplain, 16s. net ..... (Lane)

May 25th.

STODDARD, C. WARREN.—Summer Cruising in the South Seas. New Edition. 6s. net. ..... (Chatto)
NEWBOLT, HENRY.—Taken from the Enemy. New Edition. 1s. (Chatto)

May 30th.

NEWMAN, ERNEST.—Musical Studies, 5s. net ..... (Lane)
BURBIDGE, F. W.—The Book of the Scented Garden, 2s. 6d. net (Lane)

June 1st.

MACKAYE, HAROLD STEELE.—The Winged Helmet, 6s. (Dean and Son)
HAINS, T. JENKINS.—The Black Barque, 6s. (Dean and Son)
STOW, G. W., F.R.G.S.—The Races of South Africa (Sonnenschein)
BALMFORTH, RAMSDEN.—The Bible from the Standpoint of Higher Criticism. New Testament. 3s. 6d. (Sonnenschein)
WADE, JOHN, B.Sc.—Introduction to Organic Chemistry. With additions. 7s. 6d. ..... (Sonnenschein)

June 5th.

GALLON, TOM.—Lagden's Luck, 3s. 6d. ..... (Arrowsmith)

During the Month, Dates Uncertain.

MAYO, WALTER H.—Trinity House, London, Past and Present, 5s. net ..... (Smith, Elder)
BRADBY, G. F.—The Marquis's Eye, 6s. ..... (Smith, Elder)
HUTCHINSON, HORACE G.—Two Moods of a Man, 6s. (Smith, Elder)
HAYDEN, ELEANOR G.—Rose of Lone Farm, 6s. (Smith, Elder)
DIX, COL. C., R.N.—The World's Navies in the Boxer Rebellion, 7s. 6d. net ..... (Digby, Long)
MACQUOID, KATHARINE.—A Village Chronicle, 6s. (Digby, Long)
GORST, MRS. HAROLD.—This Our Sister, 6s. (Digby, Long)
SERGEANT, ADELINE.—The Sin of Laban Routh, 6s. (Digby, Long)
GRANT, SADIE.—A Guardsman Japanese, 6s. ... (Digby, Long)
MEADOWS, ALICE MAUD.—I Charge You Both, 6s. (Digby, Long)
HARDY, IZA DUFFUS.—The Reason Why, 6s. ... (Digby, Long)
DAWE, CARLTON.—The Grand Duke, 6s. (Hutchinson and Co.)
HAGGARD, LT.-COL. ANDREW C. P., D.S.O.—The Regent of the Roués, 16s. net ..... (Hutchinson and Co.)
FIELDING, HENRY.—Mr. Jonathan Wild. (Classic Novels.) 1s. 6d. ..... (Hutchinson and Co.)

COUPON.

YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

MAY, 1905.

THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

NEW REGULATIONS FOR THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

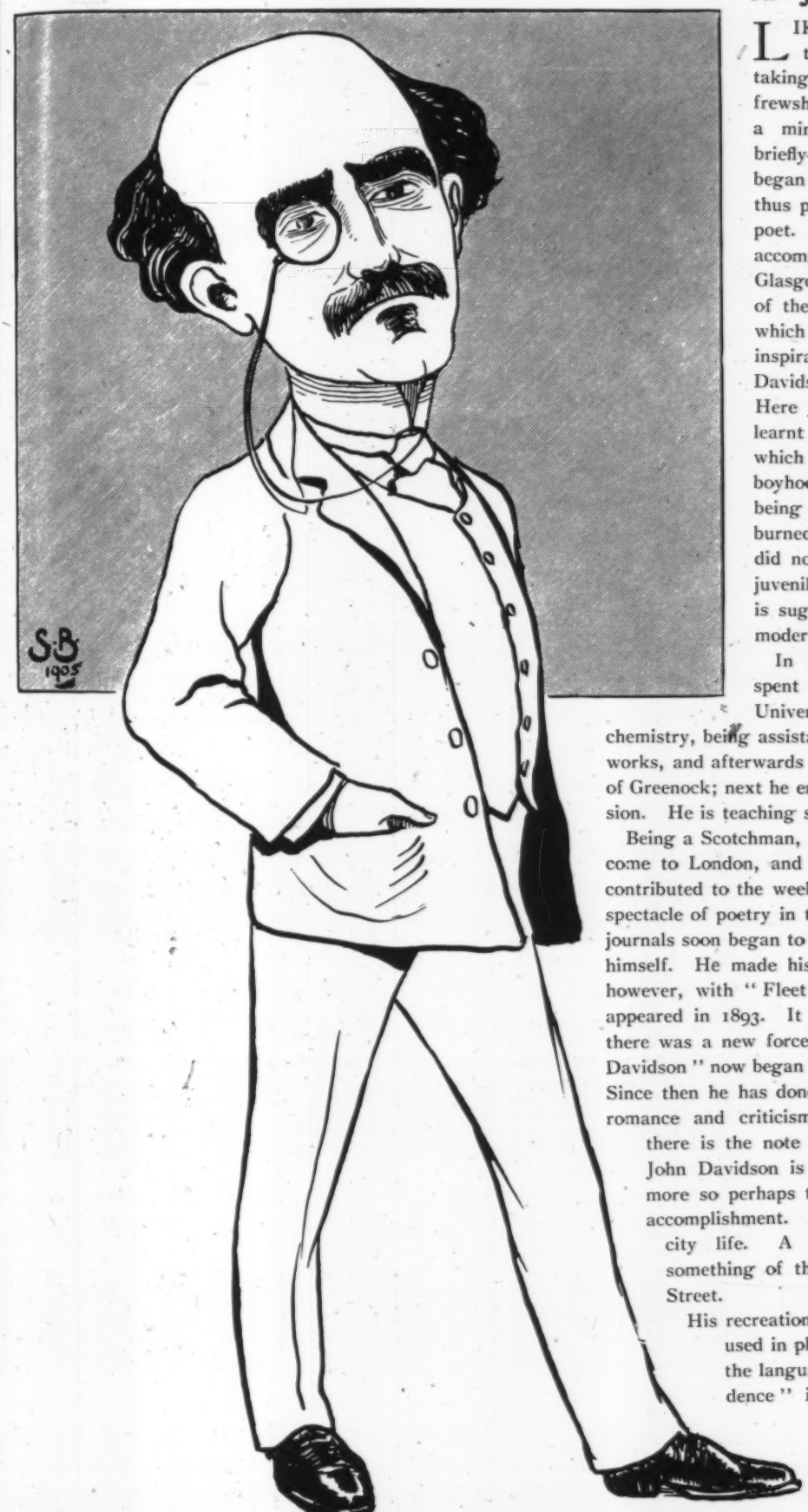
In future all criticisms of MSS. will be posted direct to the authors as soon as possible after receipt. Two coupons cut from current numbers of "The Bookman" (see below), together with a stamped addressed envelope, must be enclosed with each MS.

All communications must be addressed to the
Editor of the Young Authors' Page,
"Bookman" Office,
27, Paternoster Row, London.

Terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application. Every endeavour will be made to return MSS., but should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.

THE READER.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.



From a Drawing by Stuart Boyd.

John Davidson.

II.—JOHN DAVIDSON.

LIKE all poets he was born, the event in his case taking place at Barrhead, Renfrewshire, in 1857. The son of a minister, his biography is briefly—Manse to Romance. He began to write in his teens, and thus proclaimed himself a minor poet. At a very early age he accompanied his family to Glasgow, and got his first sight of the bricks and mortar from which later he was to draw inspiration. Afterwards the Davidsons moved to Greenock. Here John went to school and learnt to write, a practice in which he still indulges. During boyhood he composed plays, but being of a merciful disposition burned them. That other writers did not do the same with their juvenile and ill-considered efforts is suggested by a glance at the modern stage.

In his twentieth year, John spent a session at Edinburgh University, and then went in for chemistry, being assistant analyst first in a sugar works, and afterwards in the employ of the town of Greenock; next he entered the teaching profession. He is teaching still.

Being a Scotchman, he naturally determined to come to London, and this he did in 1890. He contributed to the weekly reviews, and the novel spectacle of poetry in the verse columns of these journals soon began to draw attention to the poet himself. He made his first distinct impression, however, with "Fleet Street Eclogues," which appeared in 1893. It was then recognised that there was a new force in literature, and "John Davidson" now began to have a definite meaning. Since then he has done much in poetry, drama, romance and criticism. Throughout his work there is the note of individuality, strength. John Davidson is decidedly a personality—more so perhaps than many men of higher accomplishment. He sings the romance of city life. A journalist, he has seen something of the dark tragedies of Fleet Street.

His recreation is walking—thus feet are used in play as well as in work. In the language of suburbia, his "residence" is at Streatham. A poet might have gone further afield? Yes, but then London helps John Davidson.

"WHITHER AWAY?"

By SIR GEORGE DOUGLAS, Bart.

"Traveller, to what distant bourne,
Beyond regret, beyond return—
Beyond the dim-blue vine-clad plain,
The snow-capt mountain-brow—
What fairer land, what prize to gain,
O traveller! travellest thou?"

"Child, whose deep dream-haunted eyes
Plead in so strangely moving wise,
How should I answer what to know
Is veil'd from every eye?
Dark is the goal toward which I go,
And bears no name but Destiny!"

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

Answers to these competitions should be sent not later than the 15th of every month to
"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, 27, Paternoster Row, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF-A-GUINEA is offered each month for the best quotation from Shakespeare applicable

(*a*) to the subject of any article or review,

or (*b*) to the name of any author or book, appearing in the May number of THE BOOKMAN.

e.g., To indicate clearly the scope of this competition, we append three examples from a recent issue:—

DR. HAY FLEMING *v.* MR. ANDREW LANG.

"I will rather trust a Fleming."
Merry Wives of Windsor, ii., 2, 316.

MR. GOSSE'S "PATMORE."

"I must to Coventry,
As much good stay with thee, as go with me."
Rich. II. i, 2.

REVIEW OF "A NEW TALE OF TROY TOWN."

"Now we speak upon our cue ('Q')."
Henry V., iii., 6, 130.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS of the month is offered for the best answer to the following questions:—

(*a*) In which one of Thackeray's novels are the titles of two chapters transposed?

(*b*) In his *menu* for the feast at the "Rejoicings upon the New Year's Coming of Age," what anachronism does Lamb commit?

(*c*) Quote two passages from Dickens which may be written in the form of blank verse.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF-A-GUINEA is offered for the best selection of brief critical appreciations of Schiller from standard authors. The quotations, which should be short and general in their application, may be chosen from prose or poetry. Foreign quotations must be translated, and in all cases exact references must be given. The selection must not exceed one column of THE BOOKMAN.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender, every month, of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Prize Competitions.

Rischgitz Collection. **Marbach, Schiller's Native Town.**

FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER.

By Elizabeth Lee.

"When I think that perhaps in a hundred years or more men will bless my memory and bestow on me in my grave tears and admiration, then I am glad of my poet's vocation, and feel reconciled with God, and with my lot that is often so hard to bear."—*Schiller to Henriette von Wolzogen, May 26th, 1784.*

I.—The Man.

Born November 10th, 1759; died May 9th, 1805.

"The poet is the only true man."—*Schiller to Goethe.*

UNLIKE Goethe, his great contemporary, Schiller was no favourite of fortune. At no time did he possess a large share of this world's goods. His ardent, passionate soul was encased in a fragile body, and for the last fifteen years of his life he had to contend with frequent and severe attacks of illness. His whole existence was a continual struggle, an eternal striving towards the highest moral and æsthetic ideals. Yet he was always cheerful and serene, and fond of the society of his fellow-men. He did not reach old age—indeed, he died in middle life, and we always think of him as a youthful aspirant and striver. His latest work was his finest work; each of his productions was an advance on the former, and had he been permitted the allotted span of human life, to what heights of perfection might he not have attained?

In some ways Schiller, the man, was as great as Schiller the poet. His personality may not be as arresting and fascinating as that of Byron or Heine or Shelley, but in its moral worth, in its humanity, it stands far above theirs. In his life and striving he not only expressed the idea of a higher humanity, but he represented it and realised it in himself; his idealism was inward experience, it was material, so to speak, employed by him hourly and daily in the service of the great idea for which and by which he lived. His strength lay in his trust in the ideal, in his belief in those spiritual and intellectual powers in man which enable him to overcome circumstances and even nature, in his conviction that the human soul is capable of perfection, of moulding itself on the divine image.

When we remember the circumstances of Schiller's life, especially in the earlier portion of it, it seems marvellous that such should have been his aspirations and convictions. His parents' circumstances were never very flourishing. His father, an army surgeon, and afterwards employed in various ways by the Duke of Würtemberg, was never able to settle long in any one place. After the Peace of Paris he lived chiefly at Ludwigsburg, which has been called the Swabian Versailles, and there the boy first went to school. He passed through the usual curriculum by the age of thirteen, and was destined by his father for the clerical profession. But the Duke of Würtemberg had just established a free school for the training of young men who should serve him either in a military or civil capacity, and offered to receive the young Schiller as a pupil there. Such an offer to one in the position of Schiller's father stood in the light of a command. Theology had to be abandoned for law, and in 1773 young Schiller, his possessions consisting of a few articles of clothing, fifteen Latin books, and forty-three kreuzers, entered the Karl-schule, at "Solitude," a country residence of the Duke's near Ludwigsburg. It was the first of many sacrifices. Instead of obeying the call to serve God, he was pledged to serve princes. The strict, unbending discipline pressed hardly on Schiller's fine spirit. The study of law, however, was

The Schiller Monument by Thorwaldsen at Stuttgart.
Rischgitz Collection.

so distasteful to him that he turned to medicine, and after the necessary study became a regimental doctor. But the reading of Klopstock's "Messias" had shown Schiller that he too was a poet, and the harsh discipline of academic life brought to life his innate desire of liberty; the result was the anonymous publication, in 1781, of his drama, "The Robbers," a turning point not only in the poet's fate, but also in the history of dramatic literature. Schiller's name suddenly became famous. The play was performed at Mannheim in January, 1782, with the greatest success. "If we are to expect a German Shakespeare," wrote one critic, "this is he." The Duke, however, was not pleased; he regarded the whole business as a dereliction from duty; he did not want poets in his service, but well conducted officials, and he forbade Schiller to leave Stuttgart, where his work and duty lay. This the young man's liberty-loving spirit could not brook. He took refuge in flight, and went to Mannheim, where he received the appointment of dramatist to the Theatre there. It is not our intention to relate here the facts of Schiller's biography. They are easily accessible in a long array of works, both German and English. All we desire to do is to direct attention to some of the chief characteristics of the man and his work and his influence.

Schiller seems to have had a genius for friendship.

> "Denn über alles Glück geht doch der Freund,
> Der's fühlend erst erschafft, der's teilend mehrt."

His was a social temperament. Like all good talkers, he enjoyed conversation. He was fond of a game of cards, and played "ombre" as often as he had the chance; skittles was likewise a favourite pastime, his fellow-players in the Weimar days often being Goethe and Wieland. The friend to whom he most fully revealed himself was Gottfried Körner, the father of the poet, Theodor Körner. The origin of the friendship is sufficiently romantic. Körner and his friend Huber, out of pure admiration for Schiller's work, wrote to the poet, with whom they had no personal acquaintance, a letter full of youthful enthusiasm. It was accompanied by a letter-case embroidered by Minna and Dora Stock, the two ladies to whom Körner and Huber were engaged, and portraits of all four, drawn by Dora. When, some six months later, Schiller found himself in distress and poverty, and anxious for many reasons to leave Mannheim, he turned to Körner, who paid his debts and received him with open arms in his house at Leipzig. Körner understood Schiller better than did any other of his friends, and their affection is amply proved by their published letters. It was Körner who, after Schiller's death, arranged for the publication of the first collected edition of his works, with a biographical introduction (1812-15). The edition was for a long time authoritative, and Körner's division of the poems into three periods is still generally followed.

Next to Körner, Goethe holds the most important place in the ranks of Schiller's friends. But their friendship was based not so much on an inner community of feeling as on a common literary interest. It was only in the later years of their intercourse that a strong inward and personal affection arose between the two men. It reached its height in Goethe's grief at Schiller's death and in his famous epilogue to the "Glocke." It was not until Schiller asked Goethe's help with his newly established periodical, "Die Horen," that their friendship, literary and personal, can be said to have begun. There is little doubt that Schiller had an essential influence on "Wilhelm Meister," and Goethe on "Wallenstein," and perhaps on "Wilhelm Tell," for Schiller never saw Switzerland, and yet paints the country with admirable truth in his drama. This is probably due in part to Goethe's descriptions. The correspondence published by Goethe himself in 1828-9 is sufficient testimony to the quality and strength of the friendship between the two great men. The older Goethe grew, the more he recognised Schiller's importance, and the more he felt how much he and the world lost at his death. Among Schiller's friends were also Wilhelm von Humboldt, Wieland, Herder, and Cotta, his publisher. Schiller's relations with the last-named were most happy throughout. Cotta was generosity itself in all his dealings, and Schiller trusted him implicitly.

For a right estimation of a man's character it is necessary to know something of his relations with women. As often as not those relations are a test of his weakness or his strength. It may be said at once that although Schiller was by no means insensible to the attractions of the opposite sex, and came under the influence of several women, his conduct was always irreproachable. He wrote to Körner on one occasion: "It is strange, I adore, I love woman's affectionate, sensitive nature, and a coquette, indeed, every coquette can enchain me. They have unfailing power over me through my vanity and my physical temperament. They

cannot, perhaps, rouse me to passion, but they can disturb me considerably. . . I have only one measure for morality, and I think the strictest there is. Is the act I am about to commit likely to have good or bad results for the world in general?" The wandering life forced on him as a child and youth by his father's occupations always set him longing for a fixed home with a beloved and sympathetic companion. He wrote to a friend in 1784, six years before his marriage: "My heart yearns for companionship and inward sympathy. The calm joys of domestic life would, nay, must, procure me cheerfulness in my business, and purify my soul from a thousand wild passions which are continually disturbing me. And I am also convinced that I could make a woman happy, if deep love and sympathy can produce happiness." Undoubtedly at one time he thought of marrying Charlotte von Wolzogen; he actually asked the hand of Margarete Schwan, but the woman who made the strongest impression on him before his marriage with Charlotte von Lengefeld was Charlotte von Kalb. Her relatives had compelled her to marry a soldier who was in no way suited to her, and she was not happy in her married life. In Schiller she found the intellectual and emotional sympathy for which she had always longed, and she became his true friend and counsellor, for he valued her opinion and judgment most highly, and gladly followed her advice. But as Schiller himself said later: "A woman friend is no friend." The situation became perilous, and cost them both a struggle. Schiller's fine poems, "Der Kampf" and "Resignation," show the result—a victory over self, which did honour to them both. Elizabeth, the Queen, and the Princess Eboli in "Don Carlos" are the first real living women characters Schiller depicted, and it is not too fanciful to attribute that fact to his friendship with Charlotte von Kalb. In Elizabeth's touching speeches on hopeless love, and in her self-less renunciation, we hear echoes of the Mannheim episode, and the passionate Eboli, so living and real in the drama, surely owes something to the experience. In 1790 Schiller married Charlotte von Lengefeld. The connection brought him entire happiness, and helped him over many a dark and difficult place. His wife was a true companion in every sense of the word, and tended him in his frequent fits of illness with most loving care. There were four children of the marriage—two sons and two daughters. His youngest daughter died in 1872. It may truthfully be said that Schiller was admirable in every relation of life, a living refutation of the notion that the man of genius is to be permitted a different standard of virtue from more ordinary men. Moreover, he embodied in himself the best characteristics of the German race. As Carlyle, in what after all, in many respects, remains the best Life of Schiller we possess, wrote, "We trace in him all that downrightness and simplicity, that sincerity of heart and mind, for which the Germans are remarked; their enthusiasm, their patient, long-continuing, earnest devotedness; their imagination, delighting in the lofty and magnificent; their intellect, rising into refined abstractions, sketching itself into comprehensive generalisations."

Schiller's Birthplace at Marbach.

Rischgitz Collection.

II.—The Writer.

"Among Men of Letters are to be found the brightest specimens and the chief benefactors of mankind! It is they that keep awake the finer parts of our souls; that give us better aims than power or pleasure, and withstand the total sovereignty of Mammon in this earth. They are the vanguard in the march of mind."—Carlyle, *Life of Schiller*.

Schiller was dramatist, lyrical poet, historian, novelist, philosopher, and has left notable work in all those regions of literature.

He commanded an admirable prose style, and in prose, as in poetry, understood how to clothe his ideas in words best suited to express them. His chief excursion into fiction was a romance in the style of Mrs. Radcliffe, "Der Geisterseher. Aus den Memoiren des Grafen von O***." The scene is laid in Venice, and the subject is the conversion of a German evangelical prince to Roman Catholicism. It is interesting, but Schiller grew tired of it and never finished it.

He turned to History, and produced in 1788 the first volume of the "History of the Revolt of the United Netherlands." That, too, was never completed, but it brought Schiller the Professorship of History at the University of Jena. His best historical work is the "History of the Thirty Years' War." In writing history Schiller had wide aims. He took a philosophical view of his subject; he believed that each remarkable occurrence that happened to men should be represented as of importance to man, that the historian should not write only for one nation. "The most powerful nation is but a fragment, and thinking minds will not grow warm on its account, except in so far as this nation or its fortunes have been influential on the progress of the

species." We cannot discuss here the rightness or wrongness of that aim. Suffice it to say that we read Schiller's history to-day rather for the vividness and dramatic power of certain descriptive passages than for its philosophical generalisations.

The "Philosophical Letters," the "Letters on the Æsthetic Culture of Man," and the essay on "Naïve and Sentimental Poetry," represent Schiller's chief contributions to philosophy. They are seldom read now, and are chiefly interesting as a proof of Kant's influence on the poet.

As a lyrical poet Schiller has nothing in common with Goethe. He wrote no songs properly so called. His poems are less the outcome of spontaneous feeling than of reasoned reflection. "Der Spaziergang," for instance, which attempts to represent the progress and development of man in a series of pictures, is full of the deepest thought, while "Das Lied von der Glocke," the most popular of Schiller's poems, seeks to depict all the events in the life of an ordinary man. In that domain it sounds the whole gamut of human feeling. It has always been a favourite with the less educated classes in Germany; they learn it by heart, and quote it frequently. It has perhaps afforded the German-speaking peoples more familiar quotations than any other work in the language. Some of Schiller's poems breathe a fine classical spirit. His Hellenism resembled in many ways that of Keats, and mediæval legends moved him not to write tales as Keats did, but to compose ballads, which, thanks to his dramatic gift, are among the best and most popular of his poems. His love of Greek antiquity was so great, and he carried his enthusiasm for it so far, that he was once reproached for preferring the "gods of Greece" to the one true God.

But it is rather as a dramatist that Schiller lives, and will ever live, in the hearts of men. He was a born playwright, with a remarkable instinct for dramatic effect. He made steady progress in his art from "The Robbers," in 1781, until "Wilhelm Tell," in 1804. All his dramas reveal the two most characteristic traits of his genius, the abstract philosophical turn of his thought and his revolutionary idealism. It has been said that in his dramatic career he found compensation for the *vocation manquée* of a popular tribune. As he could not harangue the people at political meetings, he did so from the stage. But Schiller was no political agitator or man of action. His enthusiasm for liberty was more or less speculative and sentimental; he never desired to apply the doctrine he preached in "The Robbers" in the domain of facts. Yet it is interesting to remember that on August 6th, 1792, the Convention conferred on him the diploma of a French citizen. It was signed by the minister Roland. But oddly enough, in consequence of the insufficient address, it did not reach Schiller until six years later. The original document may be seen in the *Goethe-Schiller-Archiv* at Weimar.

Schiller is justly the "national" poet of Germany. The suffering of his age cries out in his dramas. Before Germany knew anything of political parties he taught his countrymen political ideals. Both Liberals and Conservatives can claim him as their evangel. He demanded liberty and the rights of men, but also celebrated the sacredness of order, and advocated unity. "Seid einig—einig—einig," were the dying words of Attinghausen in "Wilhelm Tell." Did space allow, we could quote dozens of passages from the dramas and poems breathing aspirations some of which have been fulfilled since his day. His dramas are so much the property of the world that it is unnecessary, even if it was possible, to treat them in detail here. We can scarcely realise the immense effect produced by "The Robbers." Not only was it great as a drama, as the creation of a poet's brain, but as the powerful expression of the ardent desire of the time for liberty. A story is told of a Russian prince, who said, "If I had been God on the point of creating the world, and had at the moment foreseen that Schiller's 'Robbers' would have been written in it, I should not have created the world." Such was the impression when the play first appeared, and on reading it to-day we come under the spell of its youthful enthusiasm and absolute sincerity.

In "Wallenstein" Schiller reached the height of his dramatic power. The trilogy stands beside "Faust" and "Hamlet" as one of the most splendid works of art of the modern world. As Schiller's earliest plays are tragedies of liberty, and as "Don Carlos" is the tragedy of friendship, so is "Wallenstein" the tragedy of truth; it rests upon a real national basis, the faith and trust of the subject in his hereditary ruler.

Perhaps Schiller's last drama, "Wilhelm Tell," is the most popular. It was played for the first time at Weimar, March 17th, 1804. Before the end of that year 10,000 copies were disposed of. It would not be indulging in too much exaggeration to state that up to the present time a million copies at least of "Tell" have been sold.

Schiller's greatness as a dramatist lies in the modelling of the characters, in the motive of the drama, in the pathos of the eloquent language. True, he lacked the power of individualisation of character, but no German dramatist, previous to him, contemporary with him, or since his death, has written for the stage in a grander style, or has invented a finer dramatic form. If Schiller is too idealistic to please the taste of the present day, let us be thankful that he must at least keep the torch of idealism burning until there arises a dramatist who shall bring a realism of a quality and expression sufficiently elevated to form a worthy combination with Schiller's idealism. The present writer, who has seen many fine performances of many fine plays, has never been so impressed with the power of drama as drama, as at a performance of "Don Carlos" at the Deutsche Theatre of Berlin. More than with Goethe, more than with Molière, in some ways even more than with Shakespeare, the spectator was spellbound for four hours by the genius, the poetic idealisation, the essential humanity of the dramatic poet's portrayal of incidents in the lives of men and women that called forth the fullest measure of pity and terror.

Schiller took his life's work very seriously. He desired to elevate men by his art, to be the priest of humanity, and to lead it, if not into the Holy of Holies

From a Painting by Melcher. **Schiller.**

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Schiller.

From a Painting by Anton Graff, of which the Original is in the Körner Museum, Dresden.
Rischgitz Collection.

After a Picture by G. von Kügelgen. **Schiller.**

Rischgitz Collection.

After a Portrait by Guibel, 1780. **Schiller.**

Rischgitz Collection.

itself, at least into the forecourt. He desired to serve not only his own but future generations. No wonder that Goethe almost complained that in Schiller's society art was sometimes "too serious a thing." The work of Schiller, together with that of Goethe, produced a reformation not only in respect to literature, but to general, intellectual and spiritual progress. If we turn to Goethe when we are joyful and content, it is to Schiller we turn when sad and discouraged. He has been well named "the prophet of the self-consciousness of modern culture."

III.—His Reputation and Influence.

"Schiller's effect on the mind of his own country has been deep and universal, and bids fair to be abiding: his effect on other countries must in time be equally decided; for such nobleness of heart and soul shadowed forth in beautiful imperishable emblems, is a treasure which belongs not to one nation, but to all."—Carlyle in 1825.

Schiller became famous simultaneously with the first performances of "The Robbers" at Mannheim. His success spurred him to fresh effort, and his reputation increased with every new work. More perhaps than most authors was Schiller honoured and reverenced during his lifetime. Many amusing experiences were his on the score of his fame, among them being free admission to a puppet-show since he was a colleague, said the director, and must on no account pay for his seat; and a proposal of marriage from a wealthy unknown lady who offered, in the event of his acceptance, to make him a senator.

At his death the sorrow was as universal as the desire to keep his memory alive. Marbach, his birthplace, was the first town in Germany to raise money for a monument. By 1811 a large enough sum was collected, but it was then determined to give the money to Schiller's family. The first Schiller statue, the money for which had been collected throughout Germany, was unveiled at Stuttgart in 1839. It was the work of Thorwaldsen. Dannecker's colossal bust, which ranks with Goethe's "Epilog" as the most splendid of all memorials to Schiller, is in the Art Museum of Stuttgart. There is now scarcely an important town in Germany that does not possess its Schiller monument. Memorials will also be found in many towns of America, among them Chicago, St. Louis, New York, and San Francisco.

Of literary testimony to his greatness there is no lack. First and foremost stands Goethe's "Epilog zu Schiller's Glocke," written in the year of Schiller's death, except the last stanza, which was added in 1815. In 1859 the centenary of Schiller's birth was celebrated with the greatest enthusiasm throughout the length and breadth of Germany. There has been nothing to compare with it in Germany except the celebration of the victory of 1870-71. Just as then the names of the Emperor William, Bismarck and Moltke were on everyone's lips, so in the dark November days of 1859 men of all ranks celebrated the name of Schiller as that of a national hero. "A spectacle was then offered to the world that history had not yet known—an united Germany! What, so far, no politician or deed of force had been able to accomplish was effected by the spirit of the poet, the man of the ideal world." This month a Germany that has now been politically united for over thirty years is celebrating the centenary of the death of its great "national" poet. If, as Carlyle says, men of letters form the vanguard in the march of mind, who knows how much Schiller may have done to prepare the foundations on which the great German Empire rests to-day. The *Goethe-Schiller-Archiv* was founded at Weimar in 1889, to which Schiller's grandson presented all his grandfather's literary remains. In 1895 a *Schiller-Archiv* was instituted in Marbach, and the Marbach Schiller Society, founded in 1835, was extended into the great Swabian Schiller Society, the purpose of which is to spread the knowledge of Schiller's creative works and personality, and of the influence exercised by him upon the spiritual, moral and patriotic development of the German people throughout the widest circles. Poets and men of letters too numerous to mention have paid with their pens worthy tribute to Schiller's genius, among them Herwegh, J. G. Fischer, Bodenstedt, Geibel, Freiligrath, Fontane, Gottfried Keller and Hamerling. In England, too, he has not been neglected. Coleridge translated him, De Quincey criticised him, Carlyle wrote his life.

The enthusiasm for Schiller reached its climax, perhaps, in 1859. Then there set in a certain reaction led by Julian Schmidt, the critic and historian of literature. No one questioned Schiller's position as the first dramatic poet of Germany, no one questioned his place among the loftiest and noblest spirits, and all admitted his popularity with young people and with the lower orders of society. But it became the fashion with the cultivated middle class to belittle Schiller or at least to regard him with indifference. "Formerly you were the man—now it is Sudermann" ("Früher warst du der Mann—jetzt ist es Sudermann") was written on a paper placed on the Schiller monument in Berlin after an award of the Schiller prize, and the other day, when the present Schiller celebration was being discussed, a man, himself a distinguished dramatist and man of letters, was heard to say: "Have done with your fuss about Schiller! Let us thank God we have an Ibsen. Ibsen has freed us from Schiller." We can in some degree account for this strange and, we think, passing overclouding of a great reputation. In 1859 the middle classes of Germany saw in Schiller the standard-bearer of their political and national ideal: unity and liberty. The hungry sheep to whom Schiller spoke looked up and were not fed. Now they are satisfied; part of their ideal—unity—has been attained, and with that realisation the meaning of liberty has changed. The *bourgeoisie* find themselves comfortably placed, and although they think what they please—"Gedanken sind zollfrei" ("Thoughts pay no customs duty"), deem it best to say what is most expedient. Idealism is somewhat out of date, so is pathos and everything savouring of the sentimental, so is Schiller's ideal woman, the capable housewife, the mother of children, who rules wisely in her domestic circle. But Schiller will always live in the hearts of those—and they will ever be many—who are not perfectly content with their lot on this earth. Such persons seek in art and poetry not the adornment of life, but consolation for their distresses. Schiller may be regarded as the Tyrtaeus of moral struggle. "If Goethe," as has been well said,

Wilhelm Tell.

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Die Glocke.

(Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. F. Bruckmann and Co., Munich.)

" may be compared to the sun, which makes the day, Schiller may be compared to the moon, whom men revere as their kind friend, their unfailing guide, as often as it is night."

And so if we must ask ourselves the question, " What is Schiller to us? " or what is the reason of this fresh tribute to his greatness, and why his reputation has outlived and must outlive all attack, we can only say that in Schiller's life and works we see humanity most gloriously represented. Just the qualities of which the German people are specially proud are harmoniously united in him. He offers an example of filial piety, of devotion and truth to friends and country. As De Quincey said, " For us who are aliens to Germany, Schiller is the representative of the German intellect in its highest form; and to him, at all events, whether first or second, it is certainly due that the German intellect has become a known power, and a power of growing magnitude, for the great commonwealth of Christendom."

MORE WAMPUM.

By Y. Y.

THE " formally perfect Short Story," as conceived by our American Uncle—for which let the convenient symbol S.S. suffice—still besets me with its Chicagoan bigness and mystic " medicine." So after all, I have been piecing together from his pages* the numerous indispensable requisites of the " New Form," which you will be enchanted to hear may be either " the kinetic S.S. of incident," or " the static S.S. of intensifying emotion "—and here are some of them.

1. It must open *in medias res*—no odious prefaces. 2. It puts you *au fait* as it goes on by sly hints, nods, and winks—suggestion rather than statement. 3. It " must rise above the formal method of propounding." 4. " The movement must be largely by dialogue." 5. It must be " a consistent whole." 6. The characters very few. 7. No moral or moralising allowed on the premises. 8. It must have " an ingeniously suspended solution of incidents." 9. And " a rising edifice of emotional impressions." 10. And a lot of " harmonisation." 11. And " of grading "—whatever these may be pleased to mean. 12. It must " culminate." 13. " The climax must be a solution." 14. The action must occupy but one day, and if possible even less—" no bungling time-lapse." 15. The scene must never change. (Mark well the demure truculence of Pedantry. Poor Fiction is to bear the yoke of the stupid Unities of Time and Place, which the Drama has at last shuffled off.) After this, let us not repine that, 16, the S.S. must be *short*—indeed, the less of it the better.

Now, all these features you do find combined in a one-act French play, and nowhere else. And if after the theatre you wrote out a narrative of all you had seen and heard, it would be a Wampum S.S. The art of Poe, the sympathy of Bunner, the fluency of Willis (though, alas, " he never culminates "), might make it pleasing —as a change. But oft repeated the device would soon fatigue and at last disgust. But my point is that the *perfect* S.S. as yet exists only in the Pedant-brain. Maybe the purveyors of small doses of sensation to the magazines and local papers are just now " groping and feeling after " it. But to good authors it always has been (as our Editor laments) and always will be repugnant, save as a casual experiment. Why? Simply because they know better—because they have some respect for the Economy of Art. Most of the above requisites pertain properly to the Drama by reason of its peculiar limitations or capacities, which are wholly diverse from those of Narrative Fiction. Bound hand and foot, gagged and throttled by all the canons of the Stage, the S.S. nevertheless can never borrow its peculiar appeal to the eye and ear; and yet, forsooth, it is to sacrifice the precious prerogatives of Narration—its flexibility, its teeming variety, its arbitrary sequence of event, its license of explanation, its moral Chorus-comment—above all, its *oratio directa*, that revelation of a single personality, that sympathetic tie between writer and reader, which is ever denied to the Drama.

Look where he may, our Wampum Editor cannot point to a single S.S. which fulfils all his requisites; so he infers that it demands soaring genius, magic arts, and very powerful " medicine." The truth is that no groper has hitherto troubled to clutch the Perfect Ideal. Somebody really ought to do it just for once, to show how very easy it is. So suppose that I, who have never yet tried to write a story, short or long, sketch you the plan of a Model S.S. in the Grand Manner, and according to the Sixteen Golden Rules of Wampum—just a skeleton, but here and there a few crucial passages shall be given as a guide to style. Of course, we must combine the fusty horrors of Poe with more modern charms —vulgarity, cynicism, bustle, and impudence; must emulate (I hope, not burlesque), the most fashionable Wampumists, British and foreign; and must "palpitate" —nay, writhe—" with actuality." It takes me one minute to fix on my scene and title. I choose a hackneyed theme which must be contorted somehow into originality.

Recognitions.

First, let us settle our Three Unities. 1. *Of Place.* A first-class compartment in the G.W.R. 8.30 down express. (Yes, Pedant! I know it keeps changing—physically, geographically; but not scenically, because it is too dark to see the scenery.) 2. *Of Time.* Only thirty minutes—the interval from Paddington to Reading. This breaks the record, I fancy. 3. *Of Manners.* All of a piece—and the very worst possible. As for *Actuality*, the action, or " palpitation," is supposed to take place on the very eve of All Fools' Day, this year of grace, A.D. 1905. Good! another record broken! And for my *few characters*, I naturally take two couples, and will name them the Count and Countess Tump, Major McNob, D.S.O., and the Hon. Mrs. McNob. Now we are safe.

Plot or plan I have as yet none whatever. Believe me,—for it is the truth—beyond the very obvious idea of chance meetings on the railway, my mind is a perfect

* " The Wampum Library of American Literature." Edited by Professor Brander Matthews. 3 vols. 18s. (Longmans.)

blank. From that germ-idea I shall allow the plot to evolve itself by natural selection much as it chooses. As I go on, ideas and suggestions are sure to keep springing up in crowds—most to perish rejected, the fittest to survive, develop, and join to build up the "consistent whole." Now attend, and you shall see how easy it is.

We will begin by seating alone in the far corner a Flaxen Lady—*un peu passée, mais quelques restes.* Eyes — complexion — *toilette éblouissante* — hat with hearse plumes and stuffed bird—live one in cage—book of devotion in ivory and gold, French novel in paper. Give her about half a page. Enter in haste First Gentleman (the Count)—bejewelled, bald, bearded, beautiful. Train starts. He staggers and plumps down on the cage—"thus with exquisite tact breaking the ice by smashing the bird." Tears. Apologies. Exchange of *politesses* and cigarettes. Now begin your "Movement by Dialogue"—tender, tortuous, enigmatical—after Mr. James, but more florid. "Grade" and "harmonise" to taste. Then pass from the key of Compliment to that of Confidences—by the orthodox Coincidence modulation. Both performers are, it seems, matrimonial martyrs. Here is a sample of his style—the E. A. Poetic-Byronic:

"Ten, madam. A cruelly misunderstood husband, a too well understood wife—at last the Fates—a British jury, in fact—severed us. Detesting my species (*grinds his teeth*) I scorned the world—I defied it—I fled from it—to eat out my heart in solitude and gloom—alone—always al-o-ne! (*business with handkerchief*). Nought left to fill the weary, dreary void—nought save the turf—the moors, the theatres, the clubs—polo, golf, my yacht—and that only three seasons—nought save the ballet, bridge, baccarat—(*warming into French at the thought*), *ah! oui, ce satané baccarat—tant pis! Mais figurez-vous, Madame—quelle vie! sans plaisirs, sans distractions—une véritable vie de Trappiste!*"

The "pensive nun" manner will do best for her—thus,

"No, sir, I have never once seen him since we parted in court ten years ago. He may be no more—if so he knows now that I have long since pardoned him. You will not be surprised, sir, that to one of my strict religious principles and shrinking delicacy England, with its frivolous gaieties and slanderous tongues, became more than ever impossible. I sought and found on the Continent peace and privacy. Jealously secluded from the crowd, absorbed in prayer and serious thoughts, the years have passed me by, marked only by the recurring festivals of the Church whose fold I have embraced—a poor bird of passage, sir (*whimpering*)—a little ewe lamb with bruised wing—a dove . . ." (*He, protesting*), "No, no! a bird of paradise!" (*She, grave, but pleased*), "Years hence—perhaps. For I am still young—though I trust not unprepared. Well—a dove who has shunned, yet not altogether escaped admiration—but with bruised wing—ever flying from one hiding-place to another—each in due season—Paris, Trouville, Homburg, Nice, Monte Carlo, Florence—'anywhere, anywhere out of the world.'"

The dialogue should be accompanied by the usual locomotive local colour and noises—snorting, shrieking, whistling of engine, flying stations, flashing lights, tunnels, etc. And when it has "moved" well on into the love-affinities, we turn on the orthodox thunderstorm for chorus, and prepare our effect. The Count becomes more gloomy and gallant; the Flaxen Lady more affably pious—he takes her hand—they gaze deeply into each others' eyes—then suddenly recoil in the horror of recognition. "My husband! Villain!" . . . . "My wife! Fiend!" "She claws him. They close—the hatred of years exacerbated to frenzy by that lancinating torture—that *angina pectoris* of the soul—the discovery that each had been wasting the Confidence Trick on a fellow professional!" I should require a little quiet thought before attempting to describe a set-to of this character—in High Life and a First-class Compartment, too, one feels cramps for elbow-room. We lack precedents. Grandison and the Lady Clementina never fought in trains. Well, we could always fall back on Mr. Kipling's canon—Be as coarse as you dare, and as genteel as you can. Wind up thus: "The Reading signals flashed by as she tore the last handful from his beard—tighter and tighter yet he twisted the Lourdes rosary round her throat—when—crash! the North Mail, mad, devouring, and overdue, leaped upon them. A cataclysm of horror and falling parcels; and in the expensively upholstered, but now telescoped compartment, a moment ago the scene of the most classy manners and conversation as toney as improving, all was Silence—Death—and a strong smell of fire."

The Wampum Critics will acclaim this as a glorious Culmination—America is so sadly behind the times. Collisions are quite played out, antediluvian—I only use mine as a casual bit of Movement. So put a line of asterisks and proceed. Enter from ruins of next carriage Second Flaxen Lady; *quarante ans—bien sonnés—quelques restes.* Majestic in dirt and rags—evidently a personage. She leans on the arm of Second Gentleman—military, greyish, gallant—trousers of the correct McNob tartan, which takes two men and a boy to show the full pattern—hat new but brimless—a sandwich has lodged in his bosom. Now more Movement. "'Leave you! after you have just confided to me, a perfect stranger, your mournful Past!' 'I fear, sir, that I have been indiscreet,' she murmured. 'Not at all, madam! And have you not wept over my own cruel wrongs? A mysterious affinity seems—but, ha! what means this?' And as the leaping flames lit up the dead faces, flashed out twin cries of the soul. 'My guilty Griselda, by Jove!—and with another.' . . . 'Ciel! my perjured Tump—and, *of course*—with some . . .' As they *recognised* the victims of a *mistaken recognition*, a manly tear bedewed the sandwich—the Countess's eyes were dry, but she wiped them with profound feeling."

Mistaken—own now, Reader, that startled you. Don't pretend that you foresaw it all along, for till the thunderstorm I myself thought the F.F.L. was the Countess. After this strong situation, a page should be given to "harmonising" the ghastly carnage with the "statics of intensifying emotion." Then prepare to culminate thus:—

"I perceive," said the Countess, with slight asperity,

"that she still wears her ring. Really, under the circumstances——" "And yours?" he asked, glancing at her hand. She seemed embarrassed—perplexed—knitted her brow as if trying to recall the past—then suddenly regaining her composure, she whispered sadly, "*He pawned it.*" "Brute!" grunted McNob, menacing the corpse with his toe. Then stooping, he tenderly drew the golden circlet from the yet warm finger, and eyeing it with all the strong affection and noble frugality of his race *(never forget to compliment the Scots—it pays)*, he mused—"Na, na! I canna bear to waste it—it cost ower muckle siller—puir Grizzel!—sax and saxpence, second-hand—at the roup o' Sandypuddock. Ah, puir lassie!—mony a year hae I greeted sair ower that saxpence. But I was a fule and daft wi' luve o' thee, my bonny jo!" The Countess, deeply moved, retained an outward calm. With sudden impulse he seized her left hand—she tried to withdraw it, and remarked with aristocratic aloofness, "I think, sir, you mentioned fifteen hundred." "Not counting my halfpay," he replied, eager as a boy, "permit me, dearest." Lost in profound thought, she seemed not to notice, as he slipped the talisman upon her finger; then suddenly she culminated with all the pent-up love and devotion of a long half hour. . . . "Oh! Major!!!"

There I should myself leave it. But some prefer to add a nasty, realistic, or enigmatic postscript. Try this:

"Lend a hand, Bill, with these here corpsis! Lord! just look at 'em, pore things. Might ha' been me and my ole missis. Hallo! I say, mate, why her ain't got no weddin'-ring. Know 'em, sir?" "Strolling players, I should imagine," observed the Countess coldly, just raising and letting fall her gold spy-glass. "Passive Resisters, anyhow," the Major added, with a chuckle, "but, Countess, this is no place for you. These emotions—excuse me, you are standing in a pool of—yes, wipe them on that fearfully loud hat—these emotions are *too* exhausting, and I dined but poorly. Suppose, my dear, we explore the refreshment room." "Ah, noble heart!" she murmured to herself, "*so* true, *so* tender, *so* considerate!" and heedless of the rabble rout of collisionists, "they hand in hand through Eden took their solitary way."

Or this in the enigmatic manner:

As they passed, my friend, Sir Probe Perkins, of Guy's, looked up from the pedlar's wooden leg which he was skilfully amputating—with my favourite penknife—and muttered something. "A Woman with a Past!" I replied; "no, nor I; but what I should dread still more would be a *Woman with a Future.*" She overheard and understood; looked back, Medusa glaring through the mask of Aphrodite, and petrified us with the same superb disdain which had frozen our boyish gallantries in the days far off, when she posed, a goddess, behind the bar of the "Red Lion."

You see now how easy it is to do—and how detestable when done. Yet it stands forth the sole existing perfect specimen of the S.S.—the first and, let us trust, the last. Honoured Medicine-men! your pretensions have been shattered and your secrets bewrayed; but remember no more your anguish for joy that the New Form is at last born into the world, though on Old, not New, English soil, and as the chance child of a nameless Anti-Wampumist. Envy me, or not, as you like; I look up very humbly and hopelessly to the old "tale-mongers" whom you despise,

> Quod si me *Bun(n)eris*, si *Hartibus* inseres,
> *Pygmæo* feriam sidera vertice.

New Books.

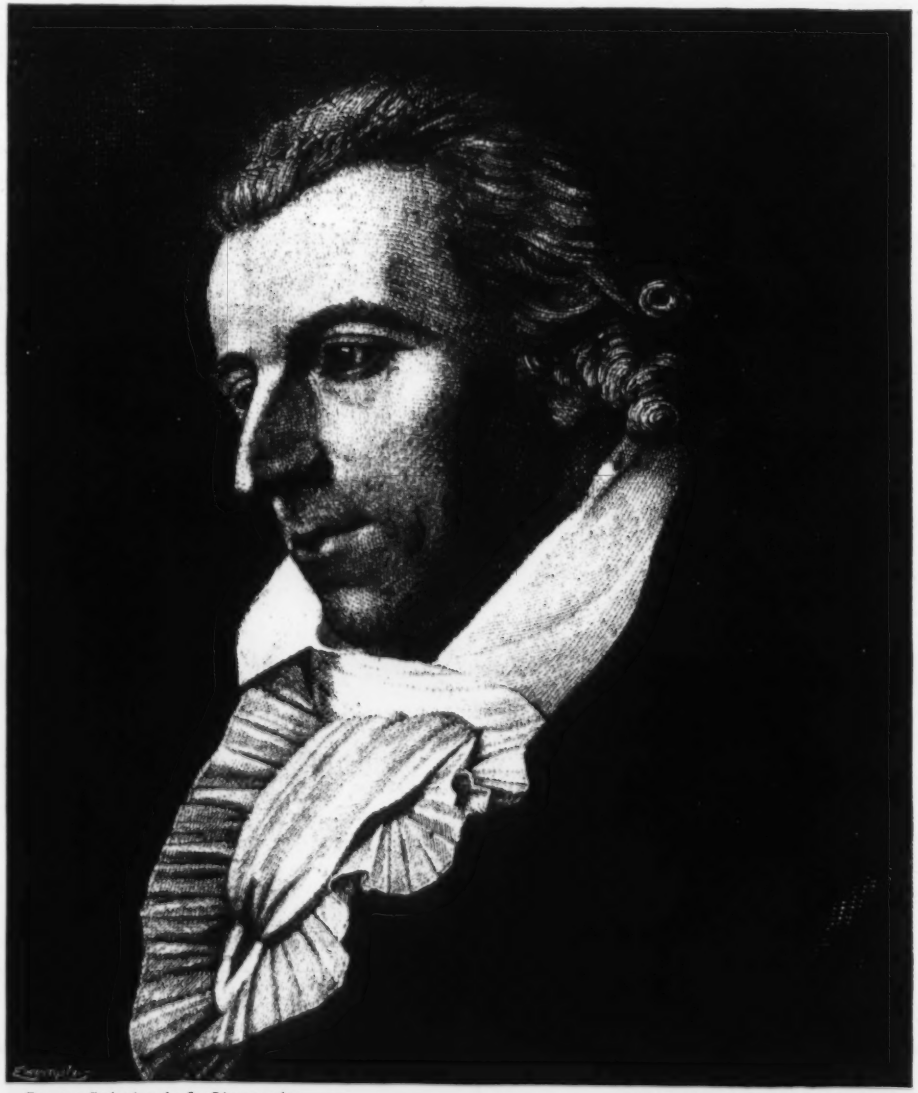
LAMB LETTERS.*

Three editions of Lamb's Letters within three years will assuredly have the effect of provoking the opinion that Lamb is being overdone. The judicious will grieve at such an opinion, for, in the first place, there is never the slightest fear of a choice old author being overdone in modern England, and, in the second place, it is only under stress of active competition that such admirable editions as those of the late Canon Ainger, as revised in 1904, Mr. Macdonald, and Mr. Lucas could possibly be produced. The regrettable thing is that when the opulent book buyer has purchased all three editions, he will still be far from possessing the extant correspondence of Charles and Mary Lamb in its entirety. Many letters are still jealously withheld from publicity by their dog-in-the-manger possessors, and of the letters that have found their way into print, barely a half are out of copyright. Those available in one edition are not available in another. All that remains for the ardent collector is to frame an *index raisonné* of the letters, fitting each document into its place chronologically, and showing the ten or twelve distinct publications, distributed among which the complete series of printed letters is to be found. "Lamb Letters," as will be perceived, have become as much an object of the covetousness of virtuosi as some choice fragment of old Imari or curious specimen of Heppelwhite. If the present law of copyright with regard to letters continues in force, and this tendency to regard letters as so much choice bric-a-brac increases, it is much to be feared that centuries will elapse before the diligence and piety of editors will succeed in bringing the complete correspondence of a great author within the limits of a single work. Although, comparatively speaking, a late comer among the ranks of these epistolary virtuosi, it must be admitted that Mr. Lucas has eclipsed his competitors. He has been successful in discovering just upon eighty new letters, many of them of considerable importance and interest. In volume i., for instance, it will suffice to cite letters, 122, 126, 161, 174, 185, and 211, this last a very delightful appendix by Charles to Mary's Letter to Sarah Hutchinson, describing the return journey after the successful jaunt of brother and sister to Cambridge in August, 1815. "You cannot proceed a mile without starting a steeple, with its little patch of villagery round it, enverduring the waste. I don't know how you will pardon part of Mary's letter being a transcript, but writing to another lady first, it was not unnatural to give you an account of what had so freshly delighted her, and would have been a piece of transcendent rhetorick (above her modesty) to have given two different accounts of a simple and univocal pleasure. Bless me, how learned I write! but I always forget myself when I write to ladies. One cannot tame one's erudition down to their merely English apprehensions." The first new acquisition (122) is also very characteristic. Lamb, being hard up for cash, as was usual with him in the early days of 1804, has to ask Wordsworth for the money to execute a book-buying commission, amounting to something like eight pounds. He apologises for this compulsory scurviness, "for it is a scurvy thing to cry Give me the money first, and I am the first of the family of Lambs that has done it for many centuries." *Per contra*, owing to the exigencies of copyright, the very amusing letter to John Chambers, in which Lamb says that he will give

* "The Works of Charles and Mary Lamb." Edited by E. V. Lucas. Vols. VI. and VII. Letters 1796—1820, 1821—1834. 2 vols. 7s. 6d. each. (Methuen.)

Photo by Louis Held, Weimar.

Charlotte von Schiller.



From a Painting by L. Simanowitz.

Rischgitz Collection.

Friedrich von Schiller.

directions for his children to be brought up in their father's religion if they can find out what it is, has to be omitted. This will give a fair idea of the loss and gain which has to be assessed in comparing one edition against another. The chief glories of Mr. Lucas's edition in our estimation, however, are not so much the new letters, very interesting though a certain proportion of these are (others are mere scraps), not even the greatly improved readings of some of the best known letters to Manning, Wordsworth, Bernard Barton, Crabb, Robinson, and others (in some of these improved collations it is fair to add that he was anticipated by Mr. Macdonald), but, above all, the copious learning and unstinted help and guidance afforded to the merest novice in Lamb-lore by the admirable notes which accompany each letter.

Among the prose writers of England we are inclined to doubt whether a single author has been favoured with such minute editorial attention. And the fact is in some measure remarkable inasmuch as Lamb is by no means a popular author. He is "caviare to the general," known familiarly only as the author of a very humorous piece about roast pig and another little essay, which reminds the reader of "Cranford" about an old lady at whist and "the rigour of the game." It is true that he is the delight of literary folk and of all connoisseurs of a fine aroma and a rich bouquet in writing; but such connoisseurs form a very small portion of the community, and even to them it is only a small portion of Lamb's work that really appeals, viz., Lamb's commentary on life and literature, and humorous picture of his own existence, as mirrored, first, in a comparatively unsophisticated form in the "Letters," and then, highly polished and elaborate, in the "Essays of Elia." Essays and Letters together make up a compact totality of exquisite literature, which it is not, perhaps, wholly inappropriate to regard as bric-a-brac. Lamb was primarily an amateur, who wrote for his own self-satisfaction and the delectation of his friends during the leisure hours of thirty years' labour at the India House, his harsh but on the whole beneficent "step wife." The diversion from these amusements to the writing of set essays, of which the final product was the inimitable "Elia," was due primarily to the price of mutton in war time at twelve pence a pound. "I must do something in a literary way or we shall be very poor." At first the work went very much against the grain, the delights of letter-writing were intermitted for "laboured jocosities" for the papers and other hack work. Money was hard to win, except by means of the stage, and "Mr. H." was a dismal failure. He returned to his "Specimens" and other work for the booksellers to help him forget the rebuff. "So I go creeping on since I was lamed with that cursed fall from off the top of Drury Lane Theatre into the pit, something more than a year ago. However, I have been free of the house ever since, and the house was pretty free with me on that occasion. Damn 'em, how they hissed! It was not a hiss neither, but a sort of frantic yell. . . ." The letter in which this occurs is a perfect *tour de force* of original humour, every ounce of which was subsequently utilised in a slightly different form in an Elia Essay. Lamb was a most perfect economist of literary energy, and the opportunity of his life came in 1820, when he was able to pour the most sprightly runnings of his epistolary genius into the improved mould of the Elia Essay. The fine fruitage of those Essays could have been obtained only by the gradual process of ripening which we perceive throughout these inimitable letters. Behind the letters we get glimpses of a life which for their vividness and intimacy can only be rivalled, as far as we know, in the cases of Pepys, Johnson, and Carlyle. It is the life of a man whose conversation and character were (what is most rare) thoroughly of a piece, and that piece sterling. "Charles Lamb," as Coleridge so well observed, "has more totality and individuality of character than any other man I knew, or have ever known in all my life. In most men we distinguish between the different powers of their intellect as one being predominant over the other. The genius of Wordsworth is greater than his talent, though considerable. The talent of Southey is greater than his genius, though respectable, and so on. But in Charles Lamb it is altogether one; his genius is talent, and his talent is genius, and his heart is as one and as whole as his head."

T. S.

LORD ROBERT CECIL'S ESSAYS.*

At the present rate of social change, it is seldom that essays on current politics retain much interest after forty years. Issues once of the first moment have been laid to rest or been crowded down by fresh problems, and very few statesmen *d'outre tombe* may find a willing audience amid the rush of modern life. But these "Essays by the late Marquess of Salisbury," exhumed from the *Quarterly Review* of the sixties, command attention from more than students of past history. They were written when Lord Robert Cecil was of the age at which his brilliant son, Lord Hugh Cecil, now is; they contain the views upon past and passing events—forecasts upon the future—formed by a singularly forceful mind in the morning vigour of life; a mind, too, that in later years was to have unusual puissance in shaping the course of our country.

These two volumes contain but six essays—three retrospective and three dealing with events current at the time. Two of the former, making one review of Lord Stanhope's "Life of Pitt," are well worth perusing alongside of Lord Rosebery's polished monograph.

Pitt's domestic and foreign policy has received much close attention and analysis from later writers; nevertheless the busiest reader will probably feel curious to learn Lord Salisbury's opinion upon the necessity of the war with France—about what Fox denounced as "the diabolic principle of the present war," and Lord John Russell decried as "Pitt's crusade against Jacobinism." Lord Salisbury leaves us in no doubt as to his views upon a situation still very obscure in the apprehension of many thoughtful persons:

"In the spring of 1792, Pitt, as is well known, neither wished nor looked for war. . . . As long as English interests were untouched, he pursued the wise policy of non-intervention. But English interests could not remain untouched very long. . . . The closing of the Scheldt was guaranteed by treaty with Holland, and we were bound by treaty to interfere on her behalf if her rights were assailed. . . . England has ever watched the Scheldt with an especial jealousy. It has always been one of the cardinal maxims of her policy to secure that it should not fall into the hands of any power whom she had need to fear. . . . In both aspects, as a matter of policy and as a matter of treaty obligation, it was impossible to submit to this act of unprovoked aggression [the seizure of the Scheldt by Dumouriez after Jemappes, 6th Nov., 1792]. The necessity for resistance was wholly unconnected with any question relating to the form of Government in France. It would have been as necessary ten years before as it was then, and it would be equally necessary now, to fulfil a treaty covenant, and to guard the mouths of the Scheldt from France. . . . Pitt entertained no project for putting down Jacobinism by force of arms."

The third retrospective essay is a powerful but discriminating vindication of Castlereagh's statesmanship; an attempt "to substitute for the popular myth a juster estimate of the merits of the great statesman who bore the chief part in rescuing Europe from the modern 'scourge of God.'" We have not space to deal with this remarkable essay as it deserves. Room must be found for one passage which has a peculiar significance at the present hour. After admitting that Castlereagh's admirers "would wish to pass over his war administration with a light hand," the author goes on:

"A War Minister must find his reward in his conscience or his salary; he must not look for fame. It is only a very pale and reflected glory that he will derive from a successful war. . . . But, on the other hand, if there be a disaster, the importance of the War Office is at once remembered. . . . A discerning nation will always hold the War Minister to blame. No one dreams of attributing to Lord Liverpool or Lord Bathurst the faintest share in the triumphs of the Peninsula; but everyone is agreed in giving to Lord Castlereagh full credit for the failure of the Walcheren expedition."

Of the three essays in the other volume, that which commands closest attention is entitled "Foreign Policy." It consists of a review of the situation in the early part of 1864, when the American Civil War had been raging for two years and a half; when the Danes, disappointed—the author says deceived—in looking to England for defence against the aggression of Prussia and Austria, and Slesvig had been torn from the weaker Power; when the Polish insurrection had been crushed, and Poland had ceased to exist as a nation, in direct violation of the Treaty of Vienna. Considering for how many years Lord Salisbury administered the foreign affairs of this country, it is of the highest interest to have his view of the existing situation when he was an independent member of the Opposition. His paper is a

* "Essays by the Late Marquess of Salisbury, K.G." 2 vols. 6s. net each. (London: John Murray.)

Die Räuber.

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Die Braut von Messina.

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Don Carlos.

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Wallenstein.

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scathing indictment of those who had suffered, as he declared, the effacement of England from the council of European Powers. Lord Palmerston was still Prime Minister, and is arraigned with Lord Russell as Foreign Secretary for conducting "essentially a policy of cowardice," exacting upon the weak, deferential towards the strong.

Readers of to-day will make allowance for a strong tinge of partisan spirit; still, enough gravamen remains, to prove that the legitimate influence of Great Britain, and her reputation for fair dealing and defence of treaty rights, had been grievously compromised during these years.

To take two examples in contrast to each other: Japan was then a feeble power—nobody dreamt that she would ever be anything else. The English Consul in Yokohama was assassinated, chiefly in consequence of his ignorance of Japanese etiquette, which caused him to offer grave, though involuntary, offence to the people. Lord Russell demanded "the immediate trial and capital execution" of the murderer, and payment of £125,000 compensation.

"The unhappy Satsuma could not execute his criminal for the same reason that Mrs. Glass could not cook her hare. Before you can execute your criminal, it is necessary to catch him." With all the will in the world to propitiate the British Government, the Japanese were sufficiently civilised not to substitute an innocent victim for the real culprit, whom they could not catch. They explained how matters stood, with expressions of profound regret; whereupon the British ships bombarded Kagosima, and reduced it to a mass of smoking ruins.

Simultaneously with this affair, Lord Russell was corresponding with Prince Gortchakoff upon the rupture by his Government of the Treaty of Vienna in regard to Poland. He began with a distinct threat of war; gradually, overawed by Gortchakoff's inflexible attitude, he altered his tone into one of mild remonstrance.

"The sequel need not be told. The sarcastic defiance of Prince Gortchakoff, the humiliating retreat of England after threats so distinct and demands so specific, and the indignation of France at finding that she had been tricked into a participation in the shame of England, are yet fresh in the memory of all."

The paper on the Polish question (1863) is a luminous review of Polish history from the beginning. The author does not attempt to justify—condemns indeed—the Empress Catherine's annexations; but he assigns them "a paler tinge of guilt" than the seizure of Silesia by Frederick the Great, and even the British annexation of Oude! There is a present pertinence in the observation: "The strength of the Russian Government has always consisted in the strength of its rulers; and, when they fail, there is nothing in the national organisation that can supply their place."

Lord Salisbury wrote singularly plain, lucid English, devoid alike of ornament and obscurity—thoroughly good to read. His anonymous editor has provided a few notes—mere jogs to the reader's memory—modest, but very useful.

It is good to have as frontispiece a reproduction of Richmond's excellent likeness of the author as a young man.

HERBERT MAXWELL.

FOND ADVENTURES.*

Tales of the Youth of the World. The title is entrancing, with its promise of high spirits and laughter and tears, hard blows, hard riding, lover's coils and tricks and despairs and triumphs. The first two stories do not count, but the promise is admirably kept in the last two. Old Italy lives again in these. "Buondelmonte's Saga" is a magnificently vivid chronicle of those family feuds in Florence from which sprang the Guelph and Ghibelline strife. Villari tells the tale. With concentrated sadness and indignation Dante gives the essence of it. Buondelmonte broke his pledge to the Amidei maiden, beguiled by the beautiful Piccarda de' Donati. "Oh! Buondelmonte, how ill didst thou flee its nuptials at the prompting of another." And Mosca de' Lamberti ordained his death. Dante shows Mosca in the "Inferno" as "one who had both hands cut off, raising the stumps through the dim air so that their blood defiled his face." Mr. Hewlett has caught the real, hard, clear-ringing, early Florentine spirit. There is no overweight of ornament. There is no obvious ingenuity of phrase. And out of our comfortable twentieth century we are swung back effectually to Dante's Florence for one half-hour.

In "The Love Chase" Mr. Hewlett has wound round his conception of her whom Luini painted as La Colombina, a story full of life and of vitalised knowledge of Renaissance history and circumstance. The frail, furtive personality of this Emilia Fiordispina attracts and "intrigues," so that one finds one's self apologising for her hotly. She is affianced in her childhood to Simone, the Dog of Cittadella, who says "She is mine, she is mine;" and never has another thought or care for her, left unprotected at the Court of Milan, till he finds there are others readier than himself to make her happy. She has many lovers. She has Nello the angel-faced humanist, and she has the Cardinal Gonzaga. She needs a lover and she needs a protector, and tries to have both, without drawing down the black anger of the Dog. It is an impossible coil. Mr. Hewlett pities her—contemptuously. I doubt if there be a single reader who will not cry out with indignation when they hear her murmuring to the Dog, "My soul, I have you—I regret nothing."

Simone's conquest by sheer animal strength is not convincing. Does Mr. Hewlett genuinely believe in it? Or is it only another instance of the shouting which many of the cleverest of the young writers of the day have adopted to gain a hearing above the buzz and murmur of the swarming hordes of scribblers? Shouting and mannerisms win quick attention. Now Mr. Hewlett's mannerisms are distinguished, ingenious, original, imaginative. Shouting should be too poor a trick for him. But Simone is painted in shouting colours. The tale of his cruelties and of his ride to Milan is crude shouting. And this habit of loud talk leads even so skilful a writer as Mr. Hewlett to bathos at times. We fully believe that Nello gave serious thought to getting his lady out of a difficult situation, and that he had some solemn moments. But when this mood of an actor in a love intrigue is described as "Nello walked with God," something cracks in the story; and our seriousness vanishes.

A. M.

* "Fond Adventures: Tales of the Youth of the World." By Maurice Hewlett. 6s. (Macmillan and Co.)

THE SOUL OF LONDON.*

I have a stake in praising this book, for if its ideas are not profoundly true and interesting, then my own may go as rubbish to the void. I do not write this as claiming that Mr. Hueffer's thoughts have been my own, but to explain the deep enjoyment of recognition and agreement which his pages have given me. In his preface Mr. Hueffer expresses the hope that his book will ring true to a section of mankind. It will. It deals with a whole chaos of mental activities and passivities which form and explain the relation of the individual Londoner to modern everyday London. In a word, we have here the new kind of book about London which some of us have desired these many years. That this "Survey" should come three hundred years, to a month, after the death of John Stow is, to my mind, a pleasing coincidence. Stow would not have understood one word of it.

Mr. Hueffer has thought it necessary to introduce his book in somewhat negative terms. He has tried, he tells us, to make it anything rather than encyclopædic, topographical, and archæological. We have had works of these classes in every degree of originality and value, and in surfeiting quantities. Their aims are quite other than Mr. Hueffer's, which is to capture the mental and spiritual relations that subsist between the Londoner and London. It is even more necessary to distinguish between Mr. Hueffer's book and the great mass of recent literary and sentimental writing about London, on which, as I hold, it makes a long-needed and triumphant advance. Far more than the best of these books it conveys London's total character as a vast yet intimate human spectacle; far more than any of them, it is intelligently diffuse. Mr. Hueffer is above that small ingenuity of sentiment and personal whim which has long made books about London a weariness that is all the more weary because it is so difficult to resent. His argument moves in a wider region; one expands the chest to a stronger air. We are not asked to linger on any past which is merely quaint or particular, but the past is conceived as "the sense of all the dead Londons that have gone to the producing of this child of all the ages, like a constant

* "The Soul of London: A Survey of a Modern City." By Ford Madox Hueffer. 5s. net. (Alston Rivers.)

ground-bass beneath the higher notes of the Present." Similarly, in the present, we are not asked to be inquisitive of some part or unit of London's life, still less to be exclamatory on its facts, figures, or visual surprises; rather we are asked to see it closely only to forget these local and special features in their significant relations to the total life around.

Therefore Mr. Hueffer settles nothing. On the contrary, he initiates a new and subtle inquiry. I say initiates, meaning that his book is the first considerable and organised work of its kind. Other writers, in briefer ways, have written in the same vein. Mrs. Meynell, Mr. Richard Whiteing, and Mr. Henry James might be named. But Mr. Hueffer's work is distinguished from theirs, not only by extent, but by being more organised—more cellular, so to speak. It rests on intimate and matured knowledge, backed by a very strong will to bring that knowledge into a shape of truth. The harvested impressions of years are here, and nothing strikes the reader more than the wealth of special observations and carefully preserved memories with which the author is able to illustrate or materialise an argument which, without them, might be Greek to some minds, and to others seem too atmospheric to excite assent or dissent.

It is just atmosphere that Mr. Hueffer seeks, and doubtless the number of his readers will be thinned by this fact, and by the further circumstance that he does not attempt, primarily, to reproduce atmosphere, but to describe and expound it. Thus the London of everyday sights is never allowed to appear for its own sake, but only as helping to that total of life which it is the author's consistent attempt to state in terms of habit, influence, and ideas. The book is a psychological groping after this total, which no counting of heads, miles, or lost dogs can do anything to make visible or felt. Those who think to prove London big by figures could not, even if our sense of figures were increased to their wish, indicate the moral magnitude of London. That magnitude is suggested by Mr. Hueffer when he says that, as a human aggregation, London "leaves discernible so very little of the human that it almost is essentially a natural product as any great stretch of alluvial soil." Similarly he gives us the curve of his subject when, in writing of the enormous blind self-sufficiency of London, its refusal to love anybody, to need anybody, or to miss anybody, he remarks that in its essentials London "is a home neither for the living nor the dead." Yet London gives as blindly as she refuses. Thus:

> "London is before all things an incomparable background; it is always in the right note, it is never out of tone. A man may look down out of dim windows upon the slaty, black, wet misery of a squalid street, upon a solitary flickering lamp that wavers a sooty light upon a solitary, hurrying passer's umbrella. He may have received a moment before the first embrace of a woman, or a moment before his doctor may have told him that he is not very long for this world. He will still stand looking down; and a sudden consonance with his mood, of overwhelming and hardly comprehensible joy, of overwhelming and hardly fathomable pain, a sudden significance will be there in the black wet street, in the long wavering reflections on the gleaming paving-stones, in the engrossed hurry of the passer-by. It will become intimately and rightly, the appropriate background for a beginning of, or for a farewell from life—for the glow of a commenced love, or for the dull pain of a malady ending only in death. It is that, more than anything, that London has ready for every man."

Mr. Hueffer might have called his book "Everyman in London." Here, before I have well begun, I must quit a volume which I hope no student of London will miss by hap or carelessness.

WILFRED WHITTEN.

PROFESSOR HERFORD ON BROWNING.*

Dr. Herford's monograph on Browning will be read with the attention and respect due to its accomplished author. Nothing unscholarly or unconsidered ever comes from Dr. Herford's pen. It must be confessed, however, that a new writer on Browning should have a decided justification in the novelty of his work. The literature is already very extensive. Much of it may be ignored, and much is incomplete. The official biography by Mrs. Orr is one of the most disappointing books in the language, but there is reason to hope that Professor Hall Griffin will put us in possession of a full and authoritative record. Among other books, two at least belong to the first rank—Professor Jones's study of Browning, which has borne the test of repeated reading and, save for the leaning to Hegelianism which Dr. Herford mentions, is entirely right and sound. Mr. Gilbert Chesterton's little volume is full of originality, and the author has succeeded better than any other in showing Browning's work as the result and expression of his life. Mr. Chesterton is careless as to facts; he has the defects of his qualities; he has practically ignored the relation of Browning to Christianity, but he has set the whole subject in a new light, and some of his hints, if they are followed up, will be found as valuable as the suggestions he has wrought out fully. The works of Dr. Stopford Brooke and Professor Dowden have a high value of their own, but it cannot be said that Dr. Herford has done much to enrich our knowledge of Browning on any side, though it is needless to say that his work is first hand throughout.

The plan of Dr. Herford's book is somewhat confusing. We have first Browning's Life and Work, treated in eight chapters. These make up 234 pages, out of 314. The second part is Browning's Mind and Art. This appears to be a series of class lectures, or perhaps University Extension Lectures. They repeat to a considerable extent the conclusions of the first part, and almost in the same words. Though not without some acute remarks, these pages are of slight importance, and disturb the impression of unity. It would have been very much better if Dr. Herford had attempted in these pages to estimate Browning's rank and value as a poet—to weigh his merits with his defects, and to assign him his place in the hierarchy. He has been content, however, for the most part, to narrate and to interpret. The time has perhaps arrived when Browning and his work may be frankly treated.

Dr. Herford makes no attempt at detailed biography, but he has had the assistance of Mr. Hall Griffin, and his narrative may be taken as accurate on the whole. It is matter of regret, however, that he should speak of "the old strain of Wessex squires and yeomen" issuing in Browning's grandfather. Mrs. Orr's biography was defaced by this snobbery. The facts of Browning's ancestry are perfectly well known, and have been published. It was no discredit to him, but the reverse, that these ancestors were very humble people. Dr. Herford is also utterly wrong when he speaks of the Scottish-German ancestry of Browning's mother. There was not a drop of Scotch blood in Mrs. Browning's veins, and her ancestors, if we are not much mistaken, were Dutch, and not German. When Dr. Herford says that the suggestion that Browning had probably Jewish blood in his veins "can only be described as an impertinence, not to Browning, but to the Jewish race," he misunderstands. There was something in Browning's genius essentially Jewish and Talmudic. The reader of Deutsch's famous article on the Talmud will be helped to the comprehension of some highly characteristic parts of Browning.

It is much to Dr. Herford's credit that he frankly recognises the necessity of dealing with Browning's views on theology. But he is not very successful in his interpretation. It is with Browning as it is with Ruskin, the springs of their work can never be understood until it is recognised that they sprang from a germ of Puritanism. Ruskin, reared in a Puritan home, conceived that the business of art was to record the facts of nature, and that men were living souls and not merely buyers and sellers. It would take us too far to say that Browning to the last was ruled by the doctrine taught him in his youth. He might have shaken it off, but it was his strange fortune to marry a woman of genius, brought up under the same influences and passionately accepting the creed of the Browning home. After her death Browning had moods of questioning, and even of revulsion. "Fifine at the Fair" represents Browning's Byronic mood. Dr. Herford says that it is a complete mistake to say that Browning accepted the view of his hero. This is an overstatement. Moods and feelings came and went in Browning, and when he wrote "Fifine" he was probably in the mood of the hero. But he remained in essence Puritan, alike in religion and in ethics. Dr. Herford's attempt to explain Mrs. Orr's statement that Browning was not a Christian, by saying that Browning had not accepted Christ as the Redeemer, is open to the gravest question. The truth is Mrs. Orr was ashamed of Browning's plebeian origin and his connection with Dissent, and did her best to conceal them. Her quasi-apology published later in the *Contemporary* should, however, be remembered.

* "Robert Browning." (Modern English Writers.) By Professor C. H. Herford. 2s. 6d. (Blackwood.)

Reception Room in Schiller's House at Weimar.

Schiller's Study at Weimar.
The room in which he died.

Photos by Louis Held, Weimar.

The Goethe and Schiller Monument at Weimar.

Schiller's House at Weimar.

Photos by Louis Held, Weimar.

The Grand Ducal Vault at Weimar, where Schiller was buried.

The best part of Dr. Herford's book is his explanation of the poems. But one cannot help feeling that this explanation is carried a great deal too far. When all is said, the explanation of a poem is like the explanation of a joke. Dr. Herford is sometimes too wonderful for us. Thus, in writing on "The Last Ride Together" he says:—

"But that dead form he is permitted to clasp; and in the rapture of that phantom companionship passion and thought slowly transfigure and glorify his fate, till from the lone limbo of outcast lovers he seems to have penetrated to the innermost fiery core of life, which art and poetry grope after in vain—to possess that supreme moment of earth which, prolonged, is heaven. . . . 'The glory of failure' is with Browning a familiar and inexhaustible theme; but its spiritual abstraction here flushes with the human glory of possession; the æthereal light and dew are mingled with breath and blood; in the wonderful long-drawn rhythm of the verse we hear the steady stride of the horses as they bear their riders farther and farther in to the visionary land of Romance."

The old woman who read an annotated copy of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" understood the text perfectly, but could make nothing of the annotations. We feel very much like her when we read many of Dr. Herford's comments on Browning's best known pieces. It is not so much that they are false. They are neither true nor false. They simply miss the point. W. Robertson Nicoll.

THE TRIAL OF JESUS.*

Three things will prejudice many readers against this book. One is the absurd preface in which Dr. Emil Reich explodes once more against "the so-called 'higher critics,' in whose criticism there is nothing high, and in whose heights there is nothing critical. They are philologians; and that alone condemns them as historians generally, and places them absolutely out of court as historians of Christianity." Sheer arrogance can do a great deal with some people, but it is not easy to see why a man should be discredited beforehand as a historian because he knows the languages in which his documents are written. A second ground of prejudice is the badness of the translation. The author, whoever he may be, has not the disqualification of being a philologian. Italian is not a concise or terse language, but it is difficult to believe that any person writing in his mother tongue could have produced the incoherent and impalpable sentences with which the mind has so often in this book to wrestle in vain. Here is an average sample: "Everybody will understand that it would be an unjust and fallacious artifice to compose a programme of juridical socialism, be it called Catholic or Christian, professional or State-directed, whether founded or not upon the abolition of individual property, or whether the cause be mixed or composite rather than simple and indivisible, wherefrom it is possible to distinguish what is superfluous and vain." The book is aggressively learned, and overwhelms the innocent reader with a parade of authorities, but wherever a mistake can be made in the use of ancient words, the translator (or is it the author?) contrives to make it. Thus, not to mention forms like Antigon and Machero, which reveal ignorance of English usage, and the alternation of Flavius Josephus with Josephus Flavius, we have *tsedakak*, *pirke abothe*, *comiliae*, *Gauloninis*, *Vena Gallica* (as the place to which Pilate was banished), *every minutiae*, and many more. The third and most serious prejudice arises from the author's intense preoccupation with so many things which have nothing to do with his subject. The historian is engulfed in the Tuscan advocate and Italian M.P. We find without looking for them his thoughts on collectivism and individualism, on conservatism and progress, on penology and justice, on many live issues of present-day politics in Italy and elsewhere; but it is rather difficult to disentangle anything he has to say on the trial of Jesus. As far as one can make out, the questions he wishes to answer are these: What juridical terms would properly describe the proceedings connected with the arrest and crucifixion of Jesus? What was it that the Sanhedrin did? or Herod? or Pilate? What is the proper legal description of the incident which leads to the liberation of Barabbas? These questions are not without interest, but they are not vital, and the vivacity of the book is not due to the investigation of them, but to the application which can be made of the answers. According to Signor Rosadi, the Sanhedrin did not (in any legal sense) try and condemn Jesus themselves; they only contrived by the help of witnesses and the confession of the accused a charge or alternative charges on which they might present Him for trial and condemnation to Pilate. What Pilate did was not to ratify a Jewish sentence (which could never have been pronounced), nor to try Jesus Himself (for there were no forms whatever of a trial observed), but in sheer cowardice, after repeated attempts at evasion, to hand over an untried and innocent person to the malice of His murderers. "Jesus of Nazareth was not condemned, but He was slain. His martyrdom was no miscarriage of justice, it was a murder." The liberation of Barabbas took place "according to all the rules and precedents of a private rescission"—a legal process which the learned author elaborately explains. There is matter enough in this for a useful magazine article, but no excuse for a fervent and flamboyant book of over three hundred pages. If critics of any description wish to retort on an author or an editor who does not spare them, Signor Rosadi has supplied them with abundant material. He uses his authorities in a splendidly uncritical fashion. The most baseless legends about Pilate and his wife are presented as on a level with the most unquestionable data of the gospel, and inferences from the Talmud or the Twelve Tables, from Justinian or the Book of Deuteronomy or the Books of Chronicles, equally serve his turn in dealing with the trial of Jesus. It is a pity it does not occur to the adversaries of criticism that to discard it means to write history without reflection and without judgment, and that the results are not likely to be satisfactory or secure. James Denney.

* "The Trial of Jesus." By Giovanni Rosadi, Deputato to the Italian Parliament and Advocate to the Court of Tuscany. Translated from the third Italian edition. Edited, with a preface, by Dr. Emil Reich. 6s. net. (Hutchinson.)

ADVENTURES AMONG BOOKS.*

In this volume Mr. Lang has collected certain of his magazine articles which seem for the most part to have appeared a good many years ago. At least two or three will bear careful reading again by those who remember them quite well. To me, as to others who never read periodicals, they are all new, and all, save one or two, acceptable. To dismiss these first. Many details in the paper on Hawthorne afford clear lights, but the general estimate seems extravagantly high—there is "no genius more original, more surefooted, in his own realm of moonlight and twilight"—among other praises. In connection with Hawthorne's Life, on its appearance many years ago I reconsidered his works rather carefully, but I could never recognise behind his specious talent any real genius at all. A writer of many merits, clever, dexterous, infinitely painstaking, well-educated and disciplined—a mind artistic, romantic, assimilative, if not inventive—a pen always facile and graceful, and at times masterly—all this, and perhaps something more. And yet his work, outside varnish and inmost core, has for me the repulsion of an automaton; all seems artificial and mechanical—not genuine—not "the real thing." His nimble movements rouse languid, critical admiration, but no emotions. I remember that at the time I likened him to the mechanical mouse which used to flit across the table of the Prisoner of the Bastille at Tussaud's; and let that still stand for the literary artifices and mannerisms which once had their day and have ceased to be. But perhaps I ought, like Mr. Lang, to attack Hawthorne again in middle life—yet—well, we will think of it. Again, in the essay on "Paris and Helen," admirable in its grasp of the spirit of Homer (not the Homers), some passages seem to sort ill with Mr. Lang's usual sobriety; but let these pass. One remark only. Do we not make too much of Helen? Whatever the poets might sing, did the Greeks in any period believe that she was a real *casus belli*—any more than Jenkin's ear? Lastly, it must be confessed that the original fancy papers are less entertaining than the more critical essays. Enough of animadversion.

The volume takes its title from the first, the longest and most interesting of its essays, which describes the author's literary self-education. It would be pleasant to compare one's own career as a youthful "adventurer among books" (in its main course similar to his, in certain episodes and experiences very different), but the subject suggests more serious reflections. Mr. Lang concerns and interests us as

* "Adventures among Books." By Andrew Lang. 6s. 6d. net. (Longmans and Co.)

a self-educated man. Of course, he had a distinguished University career and passed through the mill, as such men do, with protesting docility and amused contempt—witness his treatment of the J. H. Green Legend, harmless enough compared to the Jowett Myth, for intimacy only deepened respect for Professor Green's mental and moral superiority. Well, the mill, no doubt, ground Mr. Lang's mind to severer form. But could not grind it down to commonplace uniformity. And why? Just because he was shaping it for himself all the time on the sly, what the millers call "wasting his time on desultory reading." Now think. Till our own day nothing was taught but Classics, and that by schoolmasters, naturally the jealous foes of originality. Well, how many of their victims ever thought, or said, or wrote anything new, important or worth reading, on the one subject which they had been *taught?* Very few, and those mainly men like Gibbon, who taught themselves. But mercifully the pedants never *taught* English and Modern Literature—and, still better, they advertised it on their detested Index; so in these literary playgrounds the youthful mind could run riot. The result? If some "researcher" would kindly go through the D.N.B. for us, I think he would find that all our Originals in literature (save the very, very few who were trained by some master-mind) began as *gourmands* rather than *gourmets* of books, reading anything and everything, and jumbling all up in a chaos of right and wrong impressions. A bad system—fearful waste of time! Yes; but to this accident, far more than to racial genius, we owe the originality, the diversity, the individuality, the imaginative freedom, the humorous protervity—in fine, the peculiar *charm* of English Letters. Now we are going to *teach* Literature. Attend the lectures, get up the handbooks, follow the prescribed "course of reading" (the "best authors" only, of course), and everybody will soon know the whole truth and nothing but the truth. An excellent system, I grant. But, alas! all will then know just the same, and all think just alike. In English Literature, as well as in Theology and the Classics, *quicumque vult*, "to be saved, must think thus" about books, and "thus" imitate them. The self-taught man will become extinct, and with him will disappear the peculiar charm of English writing, nay, perhaps the practice of writing altogether. In the year 2000, if Mr. Lang were orthodox, he would be silenced as superfluous; if heterodox, as a lunatic or literary pariah. This is my point—this the price we shall have to pay.

Though Mr. Lang's manner has suggested this, something should in fairness be added. Like some other omnivorous readers, he delights us by scattering irresponsible remarks, half-lights and paradoxes which we may take or leave, as we like. But—at least in his present book, which alone I have examined carefully—whenever he comes to an important matter of fact or controversy, he at once sacrifices sport to sense, puts his foot firmly down—and always takes the right side. I do not mean my side, often as he flatters my dearest prejudices, but the side of reason, argument and common sense, rather than that of sentiment and fashion. We soon have enough of a motley fool and chuck him his penny; but we thank courteously the man of ripe sense who condescends to entertain us.

Just a note or two more. In the excellent paper on Smollett, the feudal tie between Roderick and Strap is new, and valuable. But Humphrey Clinker seems to me undervalued—perhaps Mr. Lang's space ran short. While proving, as he does, how intensely, even rabidly, Scotch Smollett was, I wonder the amazing fact did not strike him, as it now does me, that to a Scot we owe those many chapters which (in spite of a certain concealed grimness) are the quintessence of that glorious, overwhelming, outrageous fun which English vanity claims as its exclusive domain. His vindication of Mrs. Radcliffe has been a refreshment. He would hear with envy that I read her "Romance of the Forest" as a small boy. It was my portal to the world of the imagination; and none fairer or more frowning could be. Let her be instantly reprinted. N. O. N.

SANDY.*

Mrs. Rice's new story is by no means a long one—indeed, for a "novel" it is short—yet at the last page the reader parts from more friends than are likely to be made during the most sympathetic search of a dozen novels of the day. Herein is one of the charms of Mrs. Rice's writing: we get to *know* even the least important of her people. One cannot help thinking that she would make an ideal shopkeeper—with her evenings free for writing, of course—for surely her penny customers would receive the same care and courtesy as her pound ones. She neglects nobody, nor does she flatter anybody.

We meet Sandy Kilday for the first time at the age of sixteen, a homeless orphan, loafing on an English quay, making up his mind to emigrate as a stowaway; we take leave of him, regretfully, in his early twenties, the junior partner of a much respected Kentucky judge, setting forth upon his honeymoon with the daughter of an old Southern house. It may disappoint certain worthy people to learn that this happy ending was not altogether won through grinding toil and grievous economy. There is little or nothing of our old acquaintance, "The Successful Merchant," about Sandy. It would appear, certainly, that his grave Scottish father left him the gift of application; but then Sandy was just as ready, though not more so, to use that gift in the playing of base-ball and acquiring the art of the two-step as in the pursuit of knowledge and the doing of business. But surely it was his bright Irish mother who left him the charm—the seven blessed jewels of honesty, endurance, pluck, poetry, kindliness, generosity, and humour—the charm that gained him friends even on the voyage he attempted to steal to America. How far the charm would have served him had he remained in cruel New York is another matter, but Providence, in the different shapes of a dainty girl and a rather unsavoury shipboard acquaintance, drew and conducted him down to Kentucky, where many hospitable hearts and homes were soon opened to him. Sufferings he had in plenty, but no bitterness could mingle with the simple sweetness of his nature, and only an utterly soured reader could grudge the luck that befell the lad and the reward that came to the man. His love for Ruth Nelson is a beautiful thing, beautifully told, and Ruth herself is a heroine to be welcomed.

Sandy's life in Kentucky is not without its mistakes, for most of which the reader will be grateful. Shortly after his reception into the home of Judge Hollis he made one which we cannot refrain from quoting:

"The new life, the new customs, and the strange language were baffling. Mrs. Hollis had sent him to enquire how old Mrs. Nelson was, and he had returned with the astonishing report that she was sixty-one.

"'But you didn't ask her age?' cried Mrs. Hollis, horrified.

"Sandy looked perplexed. 'I said what ye bid me,' he declared."

As indicated already, however, the story is far from being entirely dependent upon its hero and heroine, and it is not the principals alone whom we would recall at the fall of the curtain. Kindly Judge Hollis and his lady who, in their different ways, do so much for Sandy; Doctor Fenton, the Confederate veteran and his sweet, feather-brained daughter Annette, whose slight stammer is a charm in itself; the pathetic figure of Martha, who, alas! does not appear in the end of the story; the fine old negress, Aunt Melvy, who, though engaged in the search for "religion," which she happily finds in the last chapter, is given to many pithy expressions of wit and secular wisdom; the irreclaimable pedlar Ricks Wilson and the weak, ill-fated Carter Nelson—all these characters are realised with an art that is fresh as it is unaffected, and most of them we would gladly meet again in their hospitable Kentucky homes. There are others, too, but they must be left to introduce themselves and their doings and sayings.

Some of Mrs. Rice's admirers may regret the tragedy which clouds the sunny atmosphere for a while in the latter part of the story, and certainly it would not seem necessary were it introduced simply to stimulate the reader's interest. But it would be merely ungracious to enlarge upon the point. "Sandy" is a book to be glad of—just as glad of as "Mrs. Wiggs" and "Lovey Mary." Possibly some may consider it "not so fearfully funny" as its forerunners—which, by the way, were not so funny as finely humorous; but those who can remember that Mrs. Wiggs did other things besides dilute the family pottage and iron the family pigtails will find in "Sandy" the strong yet delicate humanity which means silent laughter and unshed

* "Sandy." By Alice Hegan Rice. 5s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

tears. And—if one may be permitted a pun in THE BOOKMAN—Mrs. Rice has not used a wisp of straw, though, to be su.e, she has produced quite a number of bricks. J. J. B.

SHAKESPEAREAN TRAGEDY.*

The divorce of Shakespeare from the popular stage (transient indications to the contrary notwithstanding) has produced some curious results in England, and among these results one of the most agreeable on the credit side has been Professor Bradley's deeply interesting lectures on "Shakespearean Tragedy." The proper interpreter of Shakespeare to the modern man is, of course, the actor, working through the minds of the most cultivated and intelligent audience he can collect. If, for a combination of reasons, into which it is not possible here to enquire, the present-day actor fails in this duty of interpretation, the first consequence, almost inevitably, is the diversion of Shakespeare criticism into the flats of pedantry and the shallows of scholasticism. Men cease to see their Shakespeare face to face, and approach him as if he were a hostile fortress with mines and shelter trenches and highly explosive theories. But the human mind has a wonderful gift of righting itself, and the truth in time becomes so clearly apparent, that all the burrowing in the world will not lead one to the comprehension of Shakespeare, that a natural and most wholesome reaction takes place. Given Shakespeare as a national institution, it will be argued by some hardy reactionary, may not more benefit be derived from him by means of getting on familiar terms with his characters than by the minute investigation of his phrases, his obsolete puns, the tedious old books he stole the ideas of his plots from, the pedigree of his maternal grandfather, or the lawsuits of his neighbours at Stratford-on-Avon, profoundly nutritive and stimulating as each and every one of these lines of enquiry may be in its own subordinate time, place, and circumstance?

Now the right person, we maintain, to interpret, to justify, and to explain the inner workings of Shakespeare's characters is the actor, working under the direct inspiration and stimulus of a well-instructed and keenly detective observation on the part of the critics, and a keenly interested, thoughtful, and at the same time conservative criticism on the part of the general public. If such a public, such a dramatic criticism, and such a stage were in existence at the present day, and in the performance of their proper functions, such a book as that of Professor Bradley would be wholly superfluous. Such a *plaidoyer* on behalf of a sane, central, and comprehensively considered interpretation of the chief roles of the great plays of the dramatist's maturity would indeed be resented by every self-respecting troupe of actors, among whom such considerations would be the common-place of every green room. Anatomise the part of Alceste to a French actor of high standing, and instruct him in the nuances of the part; he will probably manifest a desire to speak with you of *Gros Jean qui remontre à son curé!*

The combination that we have suggested of supple players, lightning critics, and a live audience is by no means an impossible one, even in England, and the nearest approach to it was, perhaps, seen early in the nineteenth century, when before fit audiences, Edmund Kean played to such an appreciative critic as Hazlitt. Owing, however, to considerations which have been theological, social, or æsthetic, but are now probably mainly fiscal, the obstacles to a competent Shakespeare theatre in England have nearly always been triumphant. And in these conditions no more valuable book than Professor Bradley's could have well been conceived or put forth. There is little or no doubt, as things are, that it will form an epoch in the history of the appreciation of Shakespeare in this country. While so many enquiring spirits, far from soaring, are burrowing vainly beneath the heaps of debris, the only object of which would seem to be to render all rapid and spontaneous approach to Shakespeare impossible, here is a critic who fixes a steady beam of light upon the chief characters in the great quadrilateral of Shakespearean Tragedy ("Hamlet," "Lear," "Othello," "Macbeth"), and refuses to be diverted one hair's breadth from his main purpose. This concentration upon a carefully restricted field of study is one of the great attractions of a most absorbing book. Another is the fact that it is not by any means primarily academic in its aim, but rather literary in the highest sense, ranking with the imperishable illustrations of Johnson, Hazlitt, Coleridge, Lamb, and Landor, rather than with the almost purely archæological, philological, or antiquarian expositions, admirable as they are in their way, of men such as Theobald, Steevens, Malone, Dyce, Walker, and Aldis Wright. It may well be doubted if the vast scope of "Lear" has ever received such ample elucidation as is afforded in these ninety pages. "Hamlet" and "Othello" are treated with a satisfying fulness and thoroughness that are far beyond the ordinary commonplaces of critical commendation. The one shortcoming to our mind, indeed, is one of over-elaboration, amounting at times almost to a species of critical casuistry, producing the effect of a definition which was entirely alien to the spirit of Elizabethan play writing. This is conspicuous in the attempt to psychologise the part of Banquo, in the conception of which the considerations present to Shakespeare's mind were far other than those attributed to him here; the notion of a subtle deterioration of his conscience as a consequence of his share in the confidence of the witches is just one of those over-elaborations to which overstudy of detail is so liable. The same applies to some of the minor detail, especially in the last two acts of "Hamlet."

As an example of the stimulating character of the style, nothing could be better than the introductory remarks to "Othello," or the passage indicating the atmosphere of "Macbeth," though we should be inclined to define it briefly as a storm of fear in preference to a brooding blackness. "The atmosphere of 'Macbeth,' however, is not that of unrelieved blackness. On the contrary, as compared with 'King Lear' and its cold, dim gloom, 'Macbeth' leaves a decided impression of colour; it is really the impression of a black night broken by flashes of light and colour, sometimes vivid, and even glaring. They are the lights and colours of the thunderstorm in the first scene; of the dagger hanging before Macbeth's eyes and glittering alone in the midnight air; of the torch borne by the servant, when he and his lord come upon Banquo crossing the castle-court to his room; of the torch again which Fleance carried to light his father to death, and which was dashed out by one of the murderers; of the torches that flared in the hall on the face of the ghost and the blanched cheek of Macbeth; of the flames beneath the burning cauldron from which the apparitions in the cavern rose; of the taper which showed to the doctor and the gentlewoman the wasted face and blank eyes of Lady Macbeth. And, above all, the colour is the colour of blood."

Equally impressive is the forcible illustration of the powerful and indeed terrible use of irony made throughout this play, though a jarring note is produced to our mind by the frequent use made of illustrative purposes, both here and in the analysis of Iago, of the immature, Marlowe-haunted, and in many respects very un-Shakespearean melodrama of "Richard III." Here is a golden extract for the modern actor, who is never more beset by the prevailing tendency to over-emphasis, than in the cherished leading roles of "Macbeth": "The way to be untrue to Shakespeare, here as always, is to relax the tension of imagination, to conventionalise, to conceive Macbeth for example as a half-hearted, cowardly criminal, and Lady Macbeth as a whole-hearted fiend."

Shakespeare is thoroughly scenic, he never neglects an opportunity of producing a stage effect, or heightening a dramatic situation. The singular excellence of his work is largely due to the fact that in spite of these concessions to the exigencies of the theatre and the theatre of his own time, the characters of his plays will nevertheless for the most part stand the test of vital analysis. In his great plays they are never in any degree stage puppets. Their principle of action can be derived from the individuality with which their creator has endowed them; it is not deducible from mere stage convention. And this is the more remarkable because the vicissitudes of his heroes are practically decided for him beforehand; his most animated puppets conform to the rudimentary likelihood of an old wive's tale; and all have to submit to the arbitrament of the curtain at the close of the Fifth Act, when the sand had twice run through the hour-glass. That they are so consistently real, so wonderfully "true to life," in spite of these limitations, is due not to any

* "Shakespearean Tragedy. Lectures on 'Hamlet,' 'Othello,' 'King Lear,' 'Macbeth.'" By Professor A. C. Bradley. 10s. net. (Macmillan.)

elaborate preconception on Shakespeare's part (nothing could be more foreign to him than our modern ideas about the influence of life-history upon character), but, in the first place, to his broad humanity, and, in the second place, to the transcendence of his phrases which lend themselves, as those of literary genius ordinarily do, to the widest and most profound interpretations.

Shakespeare never works out his psychological studies in the minute and fractional way aimed at by such novelists as Flaubert, Meredith, or Henry James. He leaves a great deal to the harmonising and unifying power of the actor. Rough places are often left for the actor to smooth over in the way that he thinks most expedient. Much was left to the inspiration of the moment and the idiosyncrasy of the player whom Shakespeare had in his mind when he created the part. Professor Bradley is here performing the office of the actor, and he is not always wholly guiltless of the actor's *trop de zèle*. He reduces the structure of a part too plumb by a long-protracted and analytical dissection of the character psychologically considered, and thereby imparts to it a complexity and a subtlety far beyond the range of Shakespeare's original intention. The undue subservience on Shakespeare's part to the principal lines of the fable upon which he based his plot was due ultimately, very often, no doubt, to the undue haste with which he had to finish his task; the result is seen not infrequently in a scrambled *dénouement*, not wholly free from melodramatic accessories (the poisoned bowl?). Both these influences are seen at work in "Hamlet," the rough joints in the construction of which the fondest speculations of Professor Bradley only suffice to conceal from view at the cost of a perplexity of motive which causes the entire effect to be blurred and confused. When all his ingenuity has been expended in reconciling the character of Iago to the part he has to play, there is still something lacking to the sum total of motive sufficient to kindle a man of Iago's conscious superiority in sheer cleverness to enter upon the active path of intrigue which he adopted. When every explanation is made, there is still something lacking to our complete acceptance of Othello's impulsive and hand-over-head procedure. Skilful acting can easily reconcile us to these seeming inconsistencies. Other explanations, indeed, than those afforded by Professor Bradley may plausibly be sought for Iago's embarking at a given moment, with such desperate tenacity, in his perilous plot. In the first place, Roderigo's importunity made him anxious to effect some kind of shuffling of the cards as soon as possible; in the second place, can it be doubted that the terrible and ferocious impetuosity of Othello at the very first breath of Iago's pretended disclosures forced the traitor's hand, and precipitated, and at the same time enhanced the atrocity of his design? But the fact is that everyone has his own explanation of one phase or another of these elaborate and highly debatable parts. "My idea of the character" is a phrase frequently heard on the lips of most spectators in a Shakespearean audience. Rigidity or over-elaboration of a kind to preclude the co-operation of the actor in the last resort is to be deprecated from more points of view than one, and a slight tendency in this last direction is the one defect that seems to us perceptible in Professor Bradley's deeply thought-out and long-pondered studies. Such absolute consistency in character and utterance as he aims to establish was beyond the limit of Shakespeare's intention, and foreign to the essentially theatric character of his art.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

WILLIAM BODHAM DONNE.*

But for his entrance at Cambridge at a singularly auspicious period the world might probably have heard nothing of Donne. He came, however, in a golden era, when the undergraduate ranks teemed, not merely with brilliant young men, but with young men specially congenial to each other. Among these were two of the greatest geniuses of the age—Tennyson and Thackeray—and following these, "but a little lower than the angels," Thompson, Maurice, Trench, Mitchell, Kemble, and FitzGerald, the latter more important perhaps in respect of comradeship than any of the rest, since he, like Lamb, possessed the faculty of imparting something of his own charm for the time being to every one to whom he so much as wrote a letter. Donne's association on equal terms with men of such mark, to whom may be added Blakesley, the Merivales, and many another of less repute but not of less real distinction and refinement, is sufficient guarantee of his worth. Considered as a correspondent, FitzGerald is certainly the most eminent of the circle, not so much in virtue of anything especially quotable as of an inimitable touch of which he alone possesses the secret. Perhaps the most spirited of Donne's correspondents is John Mitchell Kemble, and the most amusing passage in the volume is his exposure of the blunder of another antiquary, who had gravely expounded an Anglo-Saxon law as enacting that "no man shall kill another man *except in the presence of two or three witnesses, and then he shall keep his skin for four days*." The word translated "another man" meant "an ox."

In these early years, and for long afterwards, Donne, repelled from a Cambridge degree by difficulties about subscription to the Articles, was living at his birthplace, in the retired Norfolk village of Mattishall, married, and bringing up a young family, but apparently without employment, except occasional commissions from the publishers, and gratuitous revision of his friends' MSS. and proofs. In 1836 or thereabout he began to contribute to the *British and Foreign Review*, and his sphere as a writer for periodical literature eventually embraced the *Edinburgh*, *Fraser*, and the *Saturday Review*. In 1843 he lost his wife, and shortly afterwards removed to Bury St. Edmunds for the education of his children. In 1852 he was persuaded to exchange his Suffolk retirement for the librarianship of the London Library. "It is not," he characteristically wrote, "a bad position. I am useful in it to many persons, and I am utterly without ambition." He was nevertheless pushed up in 1857 to the more invidious office of examiner of plays, previously held by his friend Kemble. This he filled until 1874, when the fatigue of attending representations induced him to resign. The office and he were well met in so far as he had all his life been intimate with members of the Kemble family. Fanny Kemble was perhaps his best correspondent in his latter years, and her letters display every side of her loyal and affectionate but combative and unforgiving nature. Of the "Greville Memoirs" she sarcastically says: "The book has made a great stir, and been republished here (America), where, however, the astonishment created by it as the 'Diary of a Gentleman' might almost strike one as a very severe criticism upon it." On the other hand, she writes after a voyage to America: "How many thanks I owe you for that delightful book 'Gryll Grange,'—it is almost a poem, and is so full of pleasant fancy and smart imagination—it cheered and charmed my seasorrow, and I bless you for it all the while I read." One of Donne's letters to her of earlier date contains a benediction on the approaching marriage of FitzGerald with the orphan daughter of Bernard Barton, from which he augurs the happiest results. Some months after the wedding he still expresses confidence that "Lucy will tame Petruchio." The gift of prophecy was evidently not among his endowments. He was probably biassed by his old regard for Bernard Barton himself, long the most regular of his correspondents. The humorous verses quoted at p. 111 are assuredly Barton's, and no more Donne's than the reply to Horace Smith's epigram on Craven Street, Strand, to which they are attached. Donne's talent for satirical verse, however, was not inconsiderable, as attested by several stanzas in ridicule of the Duke of Norfolk's notable prescription of curry powder as a remedy for the Irish famine, one of which runs as follows:—

"Away with this fuming and fretting!
Better times 'tis our duty to hope;
By the by, I was nearly forgetting,
Curried water makes capital soup.
And away with this whining and worry,
Times are not half so bad as you think.
Thank God, there is plenty of curry,
And plenty of water to drink."

Donne, as will be surmised, was a stout opponent of the Corn Laws; in other respects far from an ardent politician, though the general bent of his mind was always Liberal, and he seems scarcely to have had a friend of a different way of thinking. He died in 1882, aged seventy-five, leaving behind him several pleasant and scholarly books, and a

* "William Bodham Donne and His Friends." Edited by Catharine B. Johnson. (Methuen.)

number of excellent contributions to periodical literature, of which a full list is appended to the biography.

Mrs. Johnson's work on her grandfather's memorial evinces the good taste which is not always found united with good feeling. With, no doubt, many temptations to a different course, she has printed absolutely nothing unworthy of typographical record. If, however, she has printed, she has also misprinted: there is a quite inexcusable number of small errata; none, however, of importance, so far as we have noticed, except (p. 1) "Codex diplomaticus *ov*i Saxonici," which certainly deserves an *ovation*; *i*llusion for *a*llusion at the bottom of p. 329; and a more subtle error on p. 217. There would be nothing alarming in the threat attributed to FitzGerald of freeing himself from his domestic difficulties by leaping over a *line*; but to leap over a *linn*, i.e., a waterfall, would be another kind of performance. The allusion is to Burns's "Duncan Gray." The reprehensible practice of Donne, and most of his correspondents, in omitting to date their letters fully has afforded Mrs. Johnson many problems, which she has not always solved successfully. Kemble's letter respecting a review of Shelley's works can hardly have been written in 1838, for the edition did not appear till 1839, nor the review till 1840. FitzGerald (p. 331) cannot have inquired of Donne for Procter's address in 1877, for Procter died in 1874.

RICHARD GARNETT.

Novel Notes.

THE SEEKER. By Harry Leon Wilson. 6s. (Heinemann.)

A novel that is written with enthusiasm and compounded of such potent ingredients as love and religion can scarcely fail to be interesting, and interesting "The Seeker" certainly is. It has its dull moments. Book one, "The Age of Fable," gives us almost too much of the boyhood of Bernal and Allan—it is ingeniously alive with little details that serve as illuminating side-lights on the characters of both, but fewer of the same would have answered the purpose more effectively. One is perhaps a little tired of seeing the really good, honest boy grow up to be the atheist, while the more cunning, less sincere one remains apparently true to his faith; for it doesn't actually happen that way always. The story is sometimes loose and rambling, is sometimes crude alike in thought and in treatment. On the other hand, it is sometimes irritatingly stimulating; and this, with its obvious sincerity and the innate strength of its "plot," makes one read to the end, and own, withal, that the book is worth reading.

JEHANNE. By E. A. Gillie. 6s. (Isbister.)

It is curious to notice how largely the renegade priest is figuring in recent fiction. He has played the leading part in at least a half-dozen good novels in the last six months, but "Jehanne" in no way resembles the other five, except that it is good, and its hero is of the Roman Catholic priesthood, loses his faith, and breaks his vows. Jehanne is a very charming heroine, and delightfully womanlike. The characterisation is always admirable; Jehanne and Father Pierre are portrayed with no little subtlety; the lovable and beautifully simple Protestant pastor and his wife are sketched in less elaborately, but are equally effective. Jehanne's fierce loathing of the priest she had adored, when he yields to sudden temptation and kisses her on the lips, is excellently natural; and her realisation, after he has fled from Honfleur, hating himself, ashamed and disgraced, that his love was no wrong to her, and that she loves him, is excellently natural also. There is more than a little of gaudy melodrama about the persecutions to which she is subjected by her cousin Edouard and his mother, when she refuses to fulfil her engagement and marry Edouard; and there is a touch of the same quality in the circumstances relating to the parentage of both Jehanne and Father Pierre; nevertheless, the story is full of interest, and as a whole is well constructed and cleverly written.

THE SIREN'S NET. By Florence Roosevelt. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

If this novel proves anything, it is that the young woman who desires to graduate with honours as an operatic singer must look forward to a strenuous and harassing apprenticeship. In this book, which Miss Roosevelt dedicates to her kinsman, the President, are unfolded the many difficulties and risks attending the career of a girl who essays to be a *prima donna*. The story, if written in ink of a lurid colour, has every appearance of being authentic. In a story describing such a career, it is impossible for the uninitiated to know where legitimate drama ends and melodrama begins. "The Siren's Net" is a book that clearly draws upon experience. The question is whether it does not overdraw the account. As a mere question of art, it was a mistake of the writer to proclaim the truth of one particular chapter.

DUKE'S SON. By Cosmo Hamilton. 6s. (Nash.)

Mr. Cosmo Hamilton writes brightly and well; but in "Duke's Son" his talents are surely misdirected. The book deals with "Society," of which it presents a most depressing picture. The hero and the heroine are people who make their livelihood by cheating at "bridge." For moral delinquencies Mr. Hamilton makes no apology whatsoever; he writes as if his leading characters were of great nobility—cheating at "bridge" being merely their legitimate revenge against the order of things in the "Society" system. Assuredly, "Duke's Son" is no book for the Young Person; it contains passages that are "unfit." Mr. Hamilton would appear to delight to skate on thin ice. A reading of the volume leads one to suspect that it may be a caricature of the "Society" novel as it is written to-day, and that Mr. Hamilton will be amused if anyone takes it in grand seriousness. One character refers to a lady as a "thoroughbred little mare"; and there are scores of equally lamentable lapses into the language of the mews. Mr. Hamilton should read his proofs carefully, and if he did so we would in all likelihood not have such a sentence as this:—"The Duke laughed softly and left his dog to light another cigar."

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL. By Baroness Orczy. 6s. (Greening.)

"The Scarlet Pimpernel" in book form has many of the qualities which have won for it an unusual dramatic success as interpreted by Miss Neilson and Mr. Terry. The book takes its name from the flower-badge of the daring leader of a small band of English gentlemen who sought honour and adventure in attempting to secure the safe escape of aristocrats from Paris during the Revolution. The story has much of the thrill of "A Tale of Two Cities." The adventures of "The Scarlet Pimpernel" are varied and exciting, and the secret of the hero's identity is maintained with remarkable skill and with excellent effect. On the stage or off, "The Scarlet Pimpernel" is a story that enchains the attention.

CAPTAINS OF THE WORLD. By Gwendoline Overton. 6s. (Macmillan.)

One does not intend to be disrespectful either to British authors of both sexes, or to American novelists of the other sex, when one confesses to a feeling of surprise at the proportion of really admirable fiction turned out by American women in these days. This exceptionally thoughtful, carefully wrought out novel is a case in point. The authoress has many of the sterling qualities which are evident in Mrs. Humphry Ward's romances. She knows the inside of the labour-problem in the States, and her plot is the course of love between a working-man and the daughter of his wealthy employer. A strike opens the book; a love-scene closes it, written with curious restraint. All through, the quality of the volume is serious reflection upon a certain stratum of human life. If a critic is to have his grumble out—and he is almost ashamed to voice it in this case—the authoress might let herself go with advantage at certain moments. But let it be set down to her credit that she translates all her foreign mottoes, and that her Americanisms are not obtrusive.

THE FUGITIVE BLACKSMITH. By Charles D. Stewart. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Books of humour are by way of being fairly plentiful in these years, but a really humorous book is still a rarity, and one is glad to congratulate Mr. Stewart, and the reading public, on this addition to the stock. The humour of "The Fugitive Blacksmith" is of the racy Irish-American order: the characters, with all their oddities and idiosyncrasies, are real human beings and intimately true to life; and though

the story is ludicrous enough at times and broadly amusing, it never degenerates into mere farce. Michael Finerty, a railway official, "as night keeper of the sand-house and coal-chutes in the Memphis yards, was called foreman, although, as he explained, 'I do all th' worruk mesilf,'" and he is only at home to sleep during the day; his wife, Marg'ret, who takes his dinner to the yard for him, slumbering with a blunt axe under the bed, so that she may hurt intrusive burglars or tramps without killing them, for she is nervous on this score, she and her daughter Agnes having to sleep in the house alone of nights. To Michael in his sand-house comes the tramp "Stumpy," a decent fellow with a wooden-leg, and it is "Stumpy" who from time to time tells the story of the Fugitive Blacksmith; one of the most original and quaintly amusing stories we have read for a very long while.

THE RED CRAVAT. By Alfred Tresidder Sheppard. 6s. (Macmillan and Co.)

It is difficult to define wherein this story of King Frederick William of Prussia's Grenadiers misses a big success. The subject is new and interesting; the plot is good, even if the climax is sudden; the characters are well-drawn and enlist our sympathies; there is plenty of love. Probably the author spent too much time on his writing; the book is over-written—in aiming at style he has lost freshness and spontaneity. If this be his first book, however, one must recognise in Mr. Sheppard a worthy follower of Mr. A. E. W. Mason and Mr. Egerton Castle, one whose future work should repay reading.

A VAGRANT ENGLISHWOMAN. By Catherine I. Dodd. 6s. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

It is a bold thing to write a novel without a plot, not to speak of a love story for the heroine. Miss Dodd believes in securing our interest in other ways. She is successful because, with a loving hand, she paints a life that has appealed to her. It is difficult to recall so sympathetic a picture of pension life in a German university town, or so fresh a narrative of a hurried tour through Hungary and down the Danube to Belgrade. The characterisation of the different nationalities in the boarding-house proves that the authoress may confidently venture on a novel of more correct form, and despite the wit and cynicism, the glimpses of tender feelings suggest romantic possibilities to tempt even a suburban library reader.

A SPOILER OF MEN. By Richard Marsh. 6s. (Chatto and Windus.)

In the making of "A Spoiler of Men," Mr. Richard Marsh has brought into play his customary constructive talent and florid imagination, the result being a tale that is pre-eminently readable. It would be unfair to give the "plot" in detail—the importance of the book being in the thing told and not in the way it is told. The story is one of a villain with a "hypodermic needle," with which he operates on those who stand in his way. The pathological parts of the book are entertaining, and may provide the *Lancet* or the *British Medical Journal* with a text for a leading article on the medical knowledge of those who write fiction.

THE SEA-WOLF. By Jack London. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Here is a powerful, an undeniably powerful, study of the human brute in the shape of Wolf Larsen, skipper of an American sealing-schooner, which picks up at different periods of her run a shipwrecked American critic and a pretty authoress. Both suffer cruelly at Larsen's hands, and the story tells of their experiences and escape. But the sea-wolf reads Browning, Spencer, and Darwin. His primitive ferocity is allied to a queer philosophy of life, which contrasts oddly with his paroxysms of violence. Mr. London spares no details of these. Pages of the book fairly sicken one. And yet he manages, by some craft, to impress one with the convincingness of his hero so-called. What is even more remarkable is that he succeeds in depicting the luxurious, soft critic passing under the dominion of the Sea-Wolf and yet retaining his moral courage and nerve. An ordinary writer would have failed in this. But the reader is never allowed to lose his respect for van Weyden, thanks to the admirable psychological skill of Mr. London. It is not a pleasant book to read. Yet it is strong, especially in the first two-thirds of its course, and written with verve and rush on every page.

The Bookman's Table.

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF HENRY GREVILLE. Edited by the Countess of Strafford. Third Series. 14s. (Smith, Elder.)

To be a successful diarist calls for a rare combination of gifts and good fortune. For the diary differs widely from the *journal intime*, the soul history of an individual. The ideal diarist must be a man of wide interests and of keen sensibilities, quick to observe, and endowed with a retentive memory: more than this, he must have the good fortune to meet interesting people, and be able to meet them on an equal footing. The diarist is behind the scenes, watching history being made, and noting what he sees more for his own amusement than for posterity. All these gifts Henry Greville possessed in a high degree. His birth and connections admitted him to the highest circles. He went everywhere and knew everyone, and was a man of the most catholic tastes. He was far from sharing his brother's ability or his caustic insight into character. Persons interested him more than politics, and his diaries will never rank with the "Greville Memoirs." But if he does not appeal to the student of history, the brightness of his style and the variety of subjects on which he touches will endear him to the casual reader. Everything interested Henry Greville, from an ingenious burglary on the South Eastern Railway, to the appearance of a new "star" at the opera. The period covered by this volume, beginning with the meeting of the Paris Conference in 1857 and ending with the death of the Prince Consort in 1861, is a period of great importance in European history. Greville knew France well, and his diaries contain much valuable matter dealing with the Second Empire; while he may be said to have watched the Garibaldi movement and the rise of the new Italian Monarchy from the inside. He was by temperament more a gossip than a statesman, but though his judgment, except in matters of art, was not infallible, and his analysis of character by no means profound, he had exceptionally good sources of information. In matters of music and the drama he was a connoisseur. His judgment was rarely at fault, and he was free from any sort of prejudice. He is loud in his praises of Fechter's "Hamlet," which he went to see four times, and Madame Patti's first appearance was enough to convince him that a new star of the first magnitude had arisen in the musical world. Wherever the volume is opened something of interest is sure to be found, and a word of thanks is due to Lady Strafford for her admirable editing of an entertaining book.

AN ANGLER'S HOURS. By H. T. Sheringham. 6s. net. (Macmillan and Co.)

That Mr. H. T. Sheringham has title to write authoritatively about angling and angling affairs may be gathered from the fact that he is the Angling Editor of our first sporting paper, the *Field*, and in "An Angler's Hours" he shows that he has the true sportsman's point of view as well as much ability to express himself in literary form. An objection on the part of anglers to the book may be that it is too "literary." But Mr. Sheringham, while paying due attention to the matter of how words should be put down, does not neglect the practical side of the fisherman's craft. He gives details, and shows that he himself is in complete sympathy with all who go down to the rivers to fish with rod and line. "Should other anglers catch here and there a memory or so, a murmur of streams, or a thrill of spring from my pages, I shall be well satisfied," he says, and one finds that the pages are charged with the sentiment of the man who fishes much, and believes angling to be the greatest and most glorious of sports. Mr. Sheringham, rightly, is no believer in heavy slaughter. "Sport for sport's sake," is his motto, and one finds him admitting that while it is a pleasant thing to have a good basket of fish, an inordinate basket does not materially add to the angler's satisfaction, and it does materially injure the stream on which he fishes. Piscatorial rectitude of the kind is very common in books: it reflects the attitude of all who write on angling matters; but do those who fish find that anglers practise what is preached? The present writer (his experience is limited to Scotch waters) rarely meets an angler fishing up-stream, though that method is advocated unanimously by the "autho-

rities," and he encounters but few anglers who are without a desire to make as big a basket as possible. With such people Mr. Sheringham, of course, would have no sympathy. This, however, must be put on record: Mr. Sheringham is a practical angler of great ability, one of our most skilful and successful fishermen. Of all our writers on angling the same cannot be said. Some are arm-chair anglers. One is reminded of the professional angler of the Tweed, who said of Russel, the famous editor of the *Scotsman*, "Russel can write, but he canna fish; I can fish, but I canna write." The scope of "An Angler's Hours" is suggested by these, the titles of some of the chapters: "May Day on the Exe," "A Brace of Tench," "A February Pike," "The Festival of the Green Drake," "Three Wild Days in Wessex," "The Mystery of a Thames Salmon," "The Midland Brook," and "A Suburban Fishery." Mr. Sheringham has a preface, which, one is relieved to find, is not an apology. "Of late," he says, "there has been great activity among the anglers who wield pens, and the Bibliotheca Piscatoria will soon need yet another supplement to keep pace with the growing shelves. But I have not heard or seen it suggested that anglers are yet weary of reading about their sports." In these words lies the explanation of the success of almost all books that deal with angling.

FLORENCE AND SOME TUSCAN CITIES. Painted by Colonel R. C. Goff. Described by Clarissa Goff. 20s. net. (A. and C. Black.)

The three-colour process is a tricky medium; only of some subjects and some styles does it give adequate reproduction. Colonel Goff's Tuscan water-colours fall within the happy category. The vivid colours and contrasts of Florentine landscapes, piazzas, flower-gardens, and church interiors are successfully caught in every one of his seventy-five sketches. Mrs. Goff supplies an admirable commentary. She lingers long enough in the past to satisfy a sort of guide-book demand, without sacrificing the individuality and freshness of her own impressions. It is a pleasure to make a flight with her to Pistoria, or Pisa, or Lucca, and listen to her little disquisitions on the people, or the frescoes, dim romances or wonderful sunsets. "Florence" is one of the best of Messrs. Black's pictorial series.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS AND THE IRISH LITERARY REVIVAL. By Horatio Sheafe Krans. 1s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

Mr. Yeats's visit to the United States a year or two ago, and his lectures there, stimulated a lively interest in himself and the new Young Irelanders. One of the immediate results was this study of his prose and poetry, and, to a much slighter degree, of the movement with which he is connected. It is another instance of American promptness. While we are pondering whether his reputation is yet substantial enough to warrant a volume about him, Mr. Krans writes one. Then we meekly reissue it on this side. Let us acknowledge his promptness and the conscientiousness of his effort. He has given us much reliable information and a good bibliography. He has taken great pains to understand and to summarise. But his book is not meant for the fastidious. In plan and in wording it is very undistinguished, and its criticism sometimes falls to such a level as this: "Two novelists who have as good a claim to attention as any now writing are George Moore and Father Sheehan." Alas! one may very easily be conscientious and superficial. Mr. Krans has a peculiarly difficult subject to deal with. He has probed it diligently in many places, but never deeply enough. There is no evidence of instinctive sympathy. He writes respectfully as an outsider, and is, therefore, the timidest of critics. Only now and then we can overhear a whispered desire that Mr. Yeats would one day change his interests and write for plain people—"take a firmer grasp upon the outer world." Perhaps the most satisfactory passage is where he partly quotes from, and partly paraphrases those portions of "Ideas of Good and Evil" which expound Mr. Yeats's views on symbolism. Of Mr. Yeats the mystic his talk is all in the air. There is no intelligent attempt made to account for him or to "place" him. This side of his genius is not accounted for by his connection with the Irish literary revival; and it is not to "place" him to talk of le Sar Peladan. More directly some of his ideas are derived from Blake; but through Blake they have a long ancestry, not Irish—gnostic, rather, neo-platonic, mediæval. And it is just as important to find his place in the world of poetic thought as it is to expound his interpretation of Irish saga. We should have been almost more content yet if Mr. Krans had put Mr. Yeats's thought aside, and fully enjoyed his verse. It is not a "sixth sense," but ordinary enjoyment of musical and allusive poetry—rare enough at this moment—that is wanted for delight in "The Rider from the North":

> "Michael will unhook his trumpet
> From a bough overhead," etc.

But the crying sin of the book is to have picked out for comparison with Mr. Yeats—of all living writers, Mr. Kipling! (It is open to everyone, of course, to compare "The Sensitive Plant" with "Rule, Britannia." But one does not do it.) Beside that, the following statement is a very minor offence. It is only unintelligible. "Mr. Yeats has found a style of his own, which, while quite un-English, is, in all but a certain aroma and spirit, not easy to analyse, in accord with the tradition of English prose."

Notes on New Books.

T. FISHER UNWIN.

The Camera in the Field, by F. C. Snell (5s.), is generously illustrated by half tone reproductions from photographs which show the wide sympathies of the author. Not only do we find "birds, beasts, and fishes," but also such attractive objects as a dewdrop spangled spider's web, a robin's nest in a stable lantern. A few landscape and floral studies are also included. Without endorsing all the technical instructions which the author gives in a preliminary chapter on photography applied to natural history, we can warmly commend all else to the lover of nature's pages. The author presents his subject in an engaging manner, which is practical without being pedantic or too technical, and varied without being too profuse. "The Camera in the Field" is just the book for the person who wishes to combine photography with natural history for enjoyment without fatigue.

MESSRS. A. CONSTABLE AND CO.

The whole brooding, alluring charm of the marshes and the sea lies in the new collection of stories by Mrs. Maud Stepney Rawson, named **Tales of Rye Town** (6s.). The delicate touch which creates that intangible thing, "atmosphere," the direct ease and strength which portrays men and women of all natures, brutal as well as dainty, both these powers are possessed by Mrs. Rawson, and are used with exquisite and simple effect. Her tales are of many periods, from the fourteenth to the nineteenth century, and not the least part of her skill is revealed in her facile rendering of the environment, modes, and manners of the several times. Perfect in its way is the Dutch-like story of Lote of Udymere, the painter, who learned the secret of the halo round about the Child's head; perfect, too, three centuries later, is "Spring Calls to Lawyer Thursby." But in the fourteen stories there is no failure, only variety of excellence; and reading them one can well understand that the call of the marshes—those miles of space and lovely colouring—is to many as insistent as the call of the sea to a sailor.

No one who reads the animal-stories of Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton with real pleasure can ever look with quite the same eyes as before upon any bear, caged or otherwise, which it may be his fortune—or misfortune—to meet. Henceforward to such a reader every bear is an entity; this is Mr. Seton's power. **Monarch, the Big Bear of Tablac** (5s. net), was taken as a cub, and loved by Lan Kellyan, the hunter. Lan sold him in a hasty moment, and the cub passed from hand to hand till he dashed for freedom, and began a lawless career of his own. The spirit of his adventures is captured by Mr. Seton, and by word and sketch we follow him through his daring deeds till he comes back again into the ken of Lan Kellyan, the hunter, who not recognising in "Monarch" his little cub, "Jacky," sets his own skill against the grizzly's cunning and wins. But the end of that tale is melancholy, and, as we said before, henceforward "Monarch" will be seen in every wretched bear pacing his life out in captivity.

MR. HENRY FROWDE.

The Classical Societies both of England and of Scotland are at present engaged on the attempt of arriving at a uniform system of pronunciation of Latin and Greek. The spelling of our own mother tongue is in no better case, and there is no Society to attend to its cure. It was to be hoped that the "New English Dictionary," and Mr. Horace Hart's admirable little guide based thereon, would have been accepted as authoritative. But we are still in doubt as to whether there should be one or two *e's* in "judgment." Dr. Murray says two. Mr. F. Howard Collins, in his very serviceable glossary, entitled **Author and Printer** (5s. net), says one. And this is by no means the only case in dispute. Mr. Collins's book is approved by the leading associations and firms of printers, so that it has indisputable authority. It appears to be our best guide through Chaos, and, as such, we cordially recommend it to all journalists and printers and press correctors. It is a valuable supplement to any dictionary, and has been compiled with great care and skill. Why are our British Academicians busy in preparing dull essays for their mutual improvement, when there is a matter so pressing and vital as this ready to their hand? It is a scandal that there is no standard spelling of the King's English.

MESSRS. METHUEN AND CO.

In these days when the mysteries of liquid air and of radium serve as "turns" at popular places of entertainment, there should be a warm welcome for a book that at a trifling cost will give the reader a brief but clear and interesting survey of the history of electricity. This is excellently done in **What do we Know Concerning Electricity?** (1s. 6d. net), by Antonia Zimmern, B.Sc. In little more than a hundred pages it takes us from the primary stage of experiments with sealing-wax down to the latest results of the application of radium. The telephone, the telegraph, the dynamo and motor, electric lighting, wireless telegraphy, Röntgen rays—these are some of the everyday marvels that are explained in a book which is quite a model of popular writing on a scientific subject.

Mrs. B. M. Croker is always a safe author to select when running one's eye down the library list with a view to getting harmless amusement. **The Old Cantonment** (6s.) is a volume of short stories, each one holding one or more incident capable of arousing and arresting the attention of the most apathetic reader. "The Old Cantonment" itself is concerned with the pathetic fate of a beautiful Eurasian girl; "The Green Foulard Gown" is a startling warning to all inclined to choose the unlucky colour for personal wear; the rest are lively stories by an experienced teller, who seeks to please by unaffected means.

MR. ARTHUR C. FIFIELD.

Mr. Edward Carpenter's volume on **Prisons, Police, and Punishment** (2s. net), is useful as a means of drawing attention to existing conditions which leave much room for improvement. He speaks some very wise words as to the desirability of making the prisons to a great extent self-supporting, genuine industrial centres. Mr. Carpenter, naturally, perhaps, speaks with an enthusiasm for his point of view, and with some scathing words for the other point of view; and in reading his book we are left with a feeling that he is more concerned for the guilty man than for the innocent man who is injured; that he labels a wealthy man as one whose gains are ill-gotten, and a criminal as one who is driven by want to commit his wrong action, which we have to remember is not always the case. But in spite of this tendency of his really able little volume, his inquiry into the causes of crime and the treatment of criminals is honestly and thoughtfuly set forth; his facts are pertinent and useful, and his work is calculated to produce sound results.

MR. JOHN MURRAY.

The materials which Mrs. Colquhoun Grant has gathered into this interesting volume are less sensational than its name suggests—**A Mother of Czars** (12s. net). It appears that the life of the Princess Dorothea of Wurtemburg, who became the consort of the ill-starred Emperor Paul, has never been written in full. Mrs. Grant has made skilful use of the numerous French memoirs which throw light on the period, and has reconstructed Russian court-life as it was in the last years of the imperious Catherine. Eschewing scandal, Mrs. Grant has dwelt on the brighter side of Russian life, and her narrative is full of sympathy, and a wisely restrained enthusiasm.

MR. JOHN LANE.

There is always something very admirable in the ambition of the artist who takes a big subject, who allows a big conception to occupy him, and widens it rather than narrows it as he gets closer to his work. Mr. (or Mrs.) M. P. Willcocks has done this in **Widdicombe** (6s.), a story of Devon men and women in a village. The author does not always succeed in his proportions; now and again, too, a good story is introduced, a good dialogue given, in a disconnected fashion which suggests the note-book ready at hand; but the work as a whole is largely conceived, and there is enough good material in it to make quarter of a dozen of the too usual novels. The three girls at the vicarage, the men they mate with, the old folks and the villagers—they are none of them stereotyped. The underlying forces of life, the brains of the townsman and of the country girl, the outlooks on existence, the humours and the warrings of strong natures, they are here in Hardyesque profusion. "Widdicombe" gives much and promises more.

MESSRS. DUCKWORTH AND CO.

As a "wholesome" story, which, is at the same time bright and amusing, **The House of Barnkirk,** by Amy McLaren (6s.), is a good specimen. With deftness and insight the author lays before us a village community, and "gentle and simple," as the expression goes, breathe real breath and bear their pains and pleasures in a manner which is at the same time real and interesting. It is a love-story with hindrances, a little tragedy, a little comedy, a little ghost story. It is a Scotch story, and although we do not quite see why the vulgar English people are so much insisted upon, considering that they do not bear directly upon the theme, we can feel the love of country which has given us here such gracious types.

MR. T. WERNER LAURIE.

We have known Miss Nora Hopper (Mrs. Hugh Chesson) for some time as a sweet and gifted poetess, now she makes her appearance as a novelist. In **The Bell and the Arrow** (6s.) we learn again that Miss Hopper can write, and can do so with distinction and sympathy; without posing as a poet-novelist her writing is touched with charm and beauty. It is a fact, however, that to be able to write poems is not a promise that story-writing will come easily, and in this book of love in Devonshire there is a lack of cohesion, an introduction of jerky scenes, and of talk not germane to the story, which a writer of perhaps less talent but of more experience would have avoided. We feel that Miss Hopper knows her characters very intimately, but we who start as strangers to them are left with a sense of vagueness. It is well to make us think for ourselves, but we need just a little more solid matter to think about. We are grateful, however, for much delicate beauty and graceful expression.

MESSRS. LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.

The course of schoolmasters who have attempted fiction relating to school life is strewn with failures. Both Dean Farrar and Bishop Welldon wrecked their vessels on the shoal of sentiment. The success achieved by Mr. Gilkes, the Master of Dulwich College, in his little book, **A Day at Dulwich** (1s. net), is no doubt largely due to the fact that it is not fiction properly so-called. What Mr. Gilkes has essayed is to describe an interesting day in the life of the boys at "Alleyn's College of God's Gift"—the day of the football match with Tonbridge. But Mr. Gilkes shows us more than the football field. We are introduced into the class-rooms, and within a remarkably brief space we are introduced to quite a large number of clearly drawn schoolboys and schoolmasters. It is a clever and highly successful attempt to exhibit a cross-section of school-life. There is no maudlin sentiment in the book. The boys depicted are of all kinds, and the tone of the book is always healthy and optimistic. Our only quarrel is with the masters. Mr. Gilkes makes them lecture and orate without ceasing. Examination results reassure us that in reality the Dulwich masters preach less and teach more than the "Head" would have us believe. The book is an excellent and original addition to school literature.

MR. WILLIAM HEINEMANN.

Mr. Heinemann's translation of Heine is almost complete. Margaret Armour (Mrs. W. B. Macdougall), who translated the second book of poems, now gives in **The Works of Heinrich Heine, Vol. XI.** (5s.), "Germany" and "Romancero." Often clever and wonderfully faithful, the verse translation has still presented difficulties she has scarcely surmounted. But it is hard to conceive the ordinary English public reconciled to Heine in any English rhymed version.

The Clansman: An Historical Romance of the Ku Klux Klan, by Thomas Dixon, Junr. (6s.), is a very American product, describing a temporary aspect of the black and white question after the Civil War. The story is melodramatic, and the characters stalk over the boards declaiming to the gallery. The preface claims historical accuracy: one of the facts narrated is too repulsive for fiction.

MESSRS. CASSELL AND CO.

An enterprising quick-change artist of many attractions is what Mr. Richard Austin Freeman gives us for a hero in **The Golden Pool** (6s.). The book is a bit of stirring romance woven about an old Portuguese legend of a lost mine. Mr. Freeman takes the treasure and the man, and brings them together by an adventurous way which stirs the blood and reveals his own richness of imagination. The hero, who starts as a supercargo, plays many exciting parts and runs many risks of death before that day when he returns with riches to claim his sweetheart. The author's delineation of African life and rites and customs bears on it the stamp of truth and inner knowledge.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN.

From Australia comes the latest volume in Mr. Fisher Unwin's First Novel Library. **A Pagan's Love,** by Constance Clyde (6s.), is a clever mingling of sharp stinging comment and description with primitive emotions and veneered natures. The pagan of the book is a man, bold, opinionated, attractive, good-natured, somewhat anarchic, and not over-squeamish as to honesty when wrongs are being done. There is much that might be labelled "pagan" also in the two women of the book. Love, social conditions, progress, maternity, these forces are those which mould the story. As the work of a beginner, the book is noticeable; as a description of modern Australian life, it is deplorably interesting.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON AND CO.

The case of a woman particularly susceptible to hypnotic influence, who is forced to commit a crime involuntarily and without realisation, is the main theme of Mr. B. L. Farjeon's new novel, **The Clairvoyante** (6s.). The plot moves forward briskly in the author's usual telling style. The elucidation of the mystery is carefully brought about by a prison doctor especially interested in brain and nerve diseases, who finds this victim among the convicts he is called upon to treat professionally. The fact that this excellent doctor-detective falls in love with the daughter of the prisoner complicates matters, while naturally it quickens his wish to have the wrong righted. As a mystery, the story goes with vigour and incident galore.

Reprints and New Editions.

Not so very long ago publishers and public were astonished by the fact that complete standard works could be issued, well bound, for one shilling. Now, however, the enterprising Library Press has outdone this achievement by announcing a new series of standard works at the price of sixpence a volume. **The Cameo Classics,** really elegant little books, cloth bound, and decorated with a Minerva head medallion, have made a successful start with Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities" and "The Beauties of Sterne," and these are to be shortly followed by Charles Reade's most beautiful story, "Peg Woffington," and Washington Irving's "Life of Goldsmith." Handy and well printed, on a good paper, with the square backs which lie open so conveniently in the hand or on the table, we may call the series the triumph of cheap literature, and express gratitude to a firm which brings masterpieces to the million.

MESSRS. BLACKIE AND SON.

A hearty welcome must be given to each new issue of Messrs. Blackie's **Red Letter Library** (2s. 6d. net) as it comes. This month a volume of poetry and one of prose have reached us. The

former contains an almost complete collection of the "Poems of Milton," in which, as well as the value of the material, we find an interesting study in noting the growth and advance of the poet's mind. Professor Walter Raleigh, the eminent Miltonian, writes an illuminating introduction. The prose volume which comes to us is Thackeray's "Roundabout Papers," with an introduction, critical and explanatory, by Mr. Charles Whibley, a writer who has well-proved his affection for, and knowledge of, this great novelist. These beautiful little red leather volumes, with their worthy vignette introductions, are gems of literature and book production.

Mr. W. Heinemann, after giving Shakespeare in forty volumes in his "Favourite Classics," now goes on to **Tennyson's Poems,** which are issued in seven volumes (6d. net per vol.), each containing a pertinent and thoroughly interesting introduction by Mr. Arthur Waugh. These tastefully produced, legible little volumes are among the very best we have seen for bringing the great works of literature within the reach of the reader of limited means, or for enabling the Tennyson lover to carry a handy bookful of poems in his pocket.

One of the best sacred anthologies with musical settings is the volume, **Worship Song,** lately published by Messrs. Novello and Company (4s. net, 5s. net). The collection is catholic, and wide in its sphere of usefulness; a literary as well as a spiritual beauty has been sought for, and old friends and new attractions have been included with fine taste and judgment. For general use at all kinds of religious gatherings the book should prove invaluable.

A reprint deserving sincere commendation is Messrs. George Bell and Sons' new volume in the **York Library** (2s. net). This is the carefully revised translation of "The Thoughts of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus," by George Long, with which is included Matthew Arnold's Essay on the subject. The York Library stands out as a series of unusual reprints; stately little volumes, each with some distinct value of its own.

New Books of the Month.

MARCH 10TH TO APRIL 10TH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

ARTHUR, Rev. W., M.A.—The Tongue of Fire: or the True Power of Christianity, 6d. ..... (C. H. Kelly)
BARLOW, GEORGE.—The Higher Love. Simple Life Series. 6d. net. ..... (A. C. Fifield)
Creed of Christ, The.—5s. net ..... (John Lane)
FLINT, ROBERT, D.D., etc.—On Theological, Biblical, and Other Subjects, 7s. 6d. net ..... (Blackwood)
GORE, CHARLES, D.D.—The Creed of the Christian, 6d. net (Wells, Gardner)
HARPER, WILLIAM RAINEY.—A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on Amos and Hosea, 12s. ..... (T. and T. Clark)
HERFORD, BROOKE, D.D.—Eutychus and his Relations, 2s. net ..... (Philip Green)

Dr. Brooke Herford took the story of Eutychus and built round about it a true and at times amusing lesson on sleeping in church. There are other "pulpit and pew" papers in this small volume, all of which arrest attention and amuse while they teach. The author was a real observer of human nature, who put his kind finger on many of our foibles.

HUMBERSTONE, W. J.—The Cure of Care, 1s. 6d. net (H. R. Allenson)

The cure of care is brought about, we find, by unselfishness and charity, but there is much besides which this cheerful little volume teaches. Homely, practical words are here for ordinary emergencies and occasions of Christian life.

MILLARD, BENJAMIN A.—The Quest of the Infinite, 3s. 6d. (Allenson)
MONKS, REV. GILBERT.—The Young Preacher's Guide, 7s. 6d. net ..... (Elliot Stock)

A book which may well become indispensable to beginners in Church oratory. The difficulties are not underestimated, but the fruits of thought and experience are gathered here, and instruction, hints, suggestions on and for every side of the subject of preaching, are generously offered. The volume is a trustworthy guide to a far too much neglected matter.

ROSADI, GIOVANNI.—The Trial of Jesus. Translated from the Italian. Edited by Dr. Emil Reich. 6s. net (Hutchinson)
SIME, JAMES, M.A., F.R.S.E.—Samuel, and the Schools of the Prophets. Temple Bible Handbook. 9d. net. ..... (Dent)
WRIGHT, REV. T. H.—The Shrine of Faith, 3s. 6d. net (Melrose)

In this study of the inner life of Christ Mr. Wright, who is already known for his thoughtful volume on the miracles of Jesus, treats of the more human side of the Saviour's life. The subject is reverently handled, the great mysteries are never rudely torn at, but the great force of Christ's humanity, rather than His divinity, is for the moment enlarged upon. Christ as a Man of Joy, as well as a Man of Sorrows, is an aspect dwelt on here.

CHILD, THOMAS.—Root Principles in Rational and Spiritual Things, 6d. ..... (H. R. Allenson)
JOHANN, C. S.—Gospel Poverty, 6d. net ..... (C. W. Daniel)
IREDALL, F. J. M.—Everlasting Punishment? 6d. net (C. W. Daniel)
HARE, WILLIAM LOFTUS.—Greek Religion. The World's Religion Series. 6d. net ..... (C. W. Daniel)

NEW EDITIONS.

A KEMPIS, THOMAS.—The Imitation of Christ (The Astolat Press)
A KEMPIS, THOMAS.—John Wesley's Translation of the Imitation of Christ, 6d. net ..... (A. C. Fifield)
BYLES, JOHN.—Spring Blossoms and Summer Fruit. (Alston Rivers)
ROBERTSON, F. W., M.A.—Eleven Sermons, 6d. (H. R. Allenson)

A notable sixpenny reprint. It is a second volume which completes the original "First Series" of sermons preached by Robertson at Brighton. So for one shilling one may now possess what has hitherto cost nine shillings. Mr. Allenson is to be gratefully commended.

FICTION.

Author of "A Magdalen's Husband."—The Disciple's Wife, 6s. (Duckworth)
BRADY, CYRUS TOWNSEND.—The Two Captains, 6s. (Macmillan)
CAHAN, A.—The White Terror and the Red, 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton)
CLYDE, CONSTANCE.—A Pagan's Love, 6s. ... (Fisher Unwin)
CATTIEUCHLAN.—Jack Verschoyle's Wife, 6s. (Gay and Bird)
COLERIDGE, GILBERT.—An Instinctive Criminal, 6s. (Treherne)
COLVILL, HELEN HESTER.—The Stepping Stone, 6s. (Constable)
Confessions of an Ambitious Mother, The, 3s. 6d..... (Heinemann)
CRAWFORD, E. (Mrs. J. A. Crawford).—Sorreltop, 6s. (H. J. Drane)
CRAWSHAY, ARTHUR.—My Turkish Bride ..... (Harpers)
CROKER, B. M.—The Old Cantonment, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
DARLINGTON, H. A.—The Chaunceys, 2s. 6d. ..... (Nisbet)
DAWSON, A. J.—The Fortunes of Fartaings, 6s. ..... (Harpers)
DODD, CATHERINE J.—A Vagrant Englishwoman, 6s. (Smith, Elder)
Fiends and Angels, 5s. ..... (Stockwell)

A fresh example of that class of stories which makes a man die in the first chapter and then continue experiences afterwards. Hades, heaven, and earth are described here, and the sin and oppression of our present-day systems and behaviour are shown up in very direct words. The writing is crude, but the intention sincere.

FITZROY, ISOBEL.—A Quixotic Woman, 6s. ... (John Murray)
FOX, JOHN.—Crittenden, 6s. ..... (Constable)
FULLER, ROBERT H.—The Golden Hope, 6s. ..... (Macmillan)
GARVICE, CHARLES.—Linked by Fate, 6s. ..... (Hutchinson)
GILLIE, E. A.—Jehanne, 6s. ..... (Isbister)
GLANVILLE, ERNEST.—A Rough Reformer, 6s. ... (Constable)
GREEN, E. M.—Elizabeth Grey, 6s. ..... (Blackwood)
GUNTER, ARCHIBALD CLAVERING.—The Conscience of a King. Illustrated. 6s. ..... (Ward, Lock)
HAGGARD, LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ANDREW, D.S.O.—A Bond of Sympathy, 6s. ..... (John Long)
HALIDOM, M. G.—The Wonder Club. Third Series. Illustrated. 6s. ..... (T. Burleigh)
HAMILTON, COSMO.—Duke's Son, 6s. ..... (Heinemann)
HAMMOND, L. H.—The Master Word, 6s. ..... (Macmillan)
HARRIS-BURLAND, J. B.—Dr. Silex. Illustrated. 6s. (Ward, Lock)
HARROD, FRANCES.—The Taming of the Brute, 6s. (Methuen)
HEWLETT, MAURICE.—Fond Adventures, 6s. ..... (Macmillan)
HOPPER, NORA (Mrs. Hugh Chesson).—The Bell and the Arrow, 6s. ..... (T. Werner Laurie)
HOUMAS, MOUNT.—A Dreamer's Harvest, 6s. ..... (Greening)
"IOTA."—Patricia: a Mother, 6s. ..... (Hutchinson)
J. G. P.—Tales from Spain, 6s. ..... (Greening)
KELLY, MYRA.—Little Citizens, 6s. ... (Hodder and Stoughton)
KELLY, M. HARDING.—Showing the White Feather, 3s. 6d. (H. J. Drane)

A simple story of life among soldiers at home and Boer farmers abroad, with a religious influence permeating both the barracks and the homestead. Incidentally, we are shown something of the cruelty of the Boers towards the coloured races, and the low standard of behaviour that prevails on the veldt. This is, of course, one point of view.

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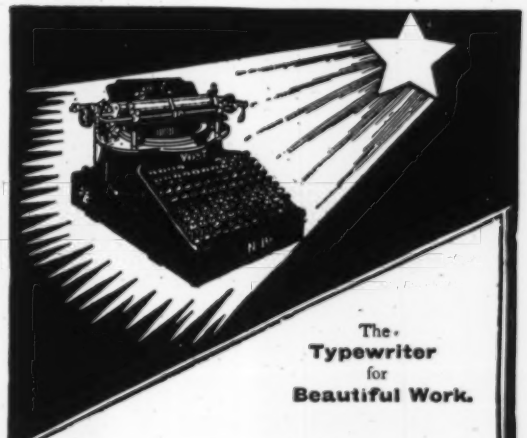

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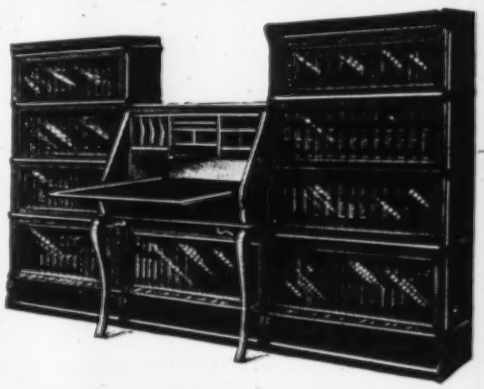

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